

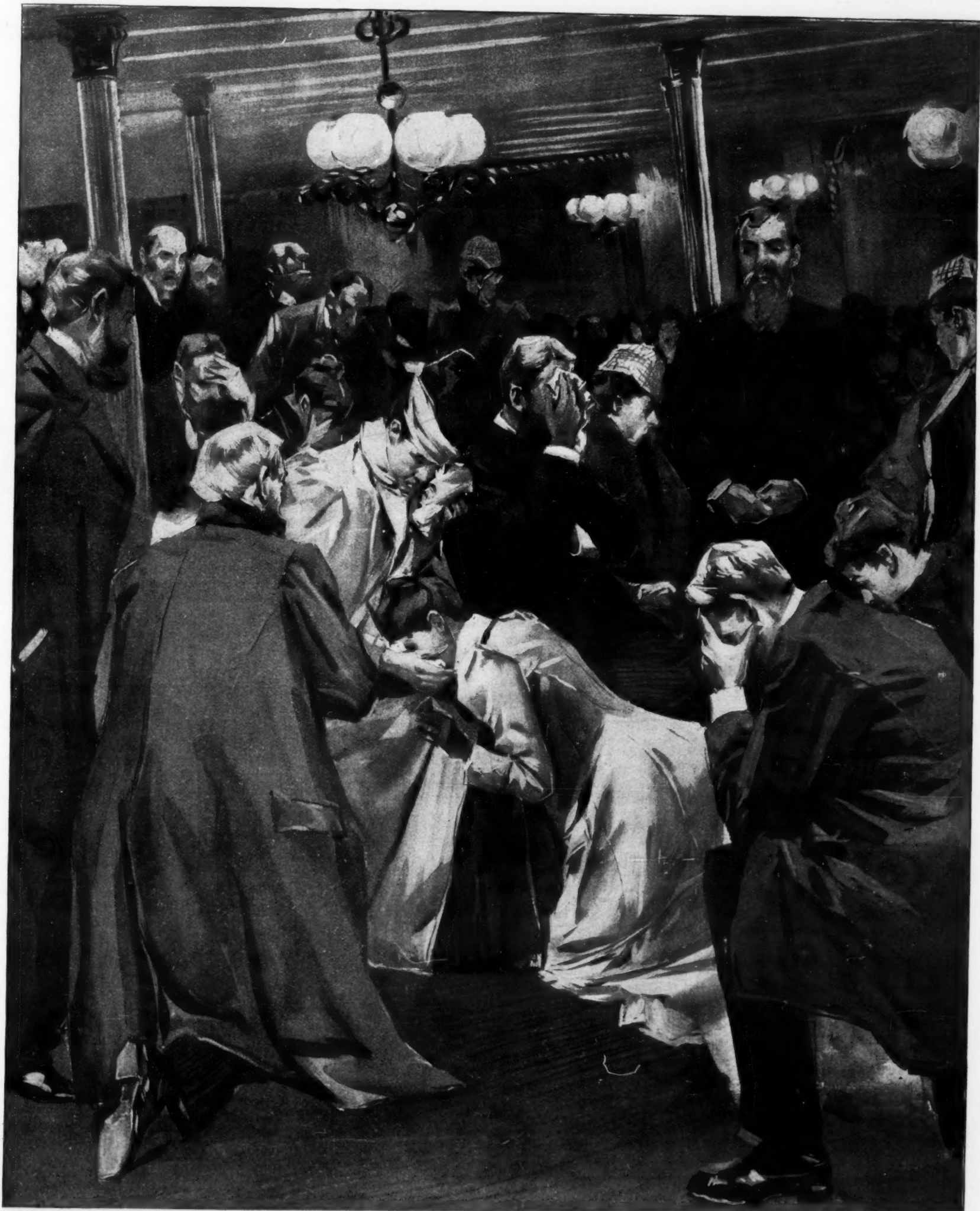
THE MISSING-WORD CONTEST.—SEE PAGE 446 OF THIS ISSUE.
SEE ARTICLE ON "MONEY IN OUR ELECTIONS," ON PAGE 450.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. LXXV.—No. 1945.
Copyright, 1892, by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY CO.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE PRAYER-MEETING CONDUCTED BY DWIGHT L. MOODY IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE STEAMER "SPREE" WHILE FLOATING
HELPLESSLY IN MID-OCEAN.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A DESCRIPTION BY MR. MOODY.—[SEE PAGE 451.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 25 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

Cable address: "Judgeark."

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All the pictures in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY are copyrighted, and must not be reproduced without the permission of the proprietors. Infringement upon this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

A LITERARY CONTEST.

So as to assist in enlivening the holiday season, this paper has concluded to inaugurate in America the latest English fashion—the missing-word contest. These amusing contests are now quite the rage in London, and we have heard of one of them in which 217,000 persons participated. As each participant contributed a shilling entrance-fee, the amount divided among those who supplied the missing word was large. The total, \$53,500, was divided among 114 persons, so each of these got almost \$470.

Here are the terms of the contest: Each person who wishes to try to supply the missing word in the paragraph that will presently follow must cut out the "Missing-Word Coupon" on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and with name and address and the missing word plainly written in the proper blank spaces, send the same to this office, together with twenty-five cents in postage-stamps or currency. On the lower left-hand corner of the envelope inclosing the coupon and entrance-fee should be written "Missing-Word Contest." The total of the entrance-fees will be divided equally among those who correctly supply the missing word. This coupon will be printed in the issues of December 22d and 29th, and in that of January 5th and 12th, and each week thereafter until close of contest. The result of the contest will be announced in the issue of February 16th. No contestants will be permitted to enter after noon of February 1st.

This is the paragraph:

"The amphitheatre was filled with excited and angry people. Those on the outside were apprehensive that the excited crowd would do serious damage to life and property. These apprehensions were shortly confirmed by the firing of a shot from one of the ————"

The missing word in this paragraph is known only to the editor, and it has been written and sealed by him in an envelope, which will not be opened till the noon of February 1st.

Competitors may make as many attempts as they choose, but each attempt must be made on a coupon taken from this paper and accompanied by the entrance-fee of twenty-five cents.

THE MISSING-WORD COUPON.

Entrance-fee to the contest, twenty-five cents in currency or stamps. Cut this coupon out, fill up the blanks, and with the entrance-fee post it to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name

Street

Post Office

Missing word

December 22d, 1892.

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

THERE is an evident determination on the part of the Democratic managers in Congress to refrain from any general legislation at the present session. They apparently shrink from assuming responsibility as to any of the great and important questions which await legislative determination. There are two or three subjects, however, as to which a failure to act will be little less than criminal. The subject, for instance, of a national quarantine is one which cannot safely be postponed. President Harrison, in his message, strongly emphasizes the necessity of action concerning this matter, and the consensus of public opinion agrees with his statements as to the desirability of placing the whole subject of quarantine regulations under national control. A cholera visitation during the coming spring will be inevitable unless the stringency of these regulations is increased and the Federal jurisdiction is so enlarged by statutory enactment as to assure ample safeguards at every point of attack. The bill introduced into the House by Mr. Raynor, which proposes, in harmony with the President's suggestions, to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases, and lodges control of the subject in a national bureau of health, whose authority shall be paramount in enforcing quarantine as against all vessels entering American ports, is a step in the right direction. But it is only a step. The bill must be enacted into a law. While the New York health authorities rigorously guarded

the city against a cholera invasion during the recent summer and fall, there can be no guarantee that like security against disease can be maintained at other ports, where the quarantine regulations are incoherent and inefficient. Nor is there any certainty that even here absolute indemnity could be secured during another season, under altered conditions. With the medical profession and all sanitary authorities agreed that the epidemic can be kept out if a national quarantine is enforced as against all vessels bringing steerage passengers, Congress would be held to a stern account if, failing to act in the premises, the epidemic should invade our shores and ravage the land far and wide.

Another subject referred to in the President's message which should receive the attention of the present Congress is that of securing honesty and purity in our elections. It will be remembered that President Harrison has twice called attention to the evils and dangers connected with our election methods and practices as they are related to the choice of Federal officials, and that on one occasion he suggested a non-partisan inquiry, in the hope that out of it might come legislation entirely free of partisan bias, and looking only to maintaining the freedom and purity of the ballot and the equality of the elector. It is high time, as he now says, "that mutual charges of interference and fraud between the great parties should cease, and that the sincerity of those who profess a desire for pure and honest elections should be brought to a test of their willingness to free our legislation and our election methods from everything that tends to impair the public confidence in the announced result." It is difficult to see how any man of any party can refuse to co-operate in the promotion of legislation contemplating this desirable result. The question is not one of partisanship, but concerns the dignity and safety of the nation, the security and rights of every citizen. If existing practices and methods shall be permitted to continue, the time is not far distant when our elections will cease altogether to register the public will—becoming carnivals of fraud and corruption from which even the pretense of decency and fair play will be eliminated. If the ballot is the embodiment and expression of individual sovereignty and opinion it should possess, under the law and in usage, absolute freedom and protection; to deny it either is to put contempt upon citizenship and endanger the very foundations of the State. There can be no better time than the present for national legislation on this question, and Congress will expose itself to just and deserved condemnation if, for any reason whatever, such legislation shall be postponed or denied.

A COMMENDABLE EXAMPLE.

THERE can be no doubt that the failure to punish defaulters and other perpetrators of criminal acts as they deserve tends to encourage a mawkish sympathy with crime and to stimulate into activity the vicious inclinations of the depraved. In recent years comparatively few plunderers and defaulters guilty of colossal robberies have been adequately punished; for the most part they have been permitted to compromise with their victims and to escape legal penalties upon refunding a portion of their ill-gotten spoils. The newspapers have recently recorded a case of another sort which is well worthy of attention. An officer of a financial institution in Kansas City disappeared some ten months ago with twenty thousand dollars of the securities of the corporation. His honesty had been guaranteed by the American Surety Company of Chicago, which was, of course, compelled to pay the loss. It determined, as a matter of principle, to bring the offender to justice at whatever cost. A detective was instructed to pursue the absconding defaulter to the world's end if necessary to effect his capture. Obedient to his instructions, the officer chased the fugitive to this port, then across the ocean to England, France, Sweden, Norway, and many of the continental cities, finally securing him on a pier at Liverpool, whither he had returned from his wanderings with scarcely a penny in his pocket. He was at once brought home, and will be tried for his offense and undoubtedly convicted and punished. The American Surety Company is entitled to the thanks of the public for thus making an example of a criminal who had violated the confidence of his employers. It has done a real service to the community at large; and it is to be hoped that other institutions suffering in like manner will be equally quick to vindicate the authority of law against deliberate offenders. If the principle carried out in this case could be made universal we would hear of far fewer breaches of trust, and our financial institutions would not be exposed, as they now too frequently are, to the temptation to condone offenses upon the basis of a mere restitution of stolen goods.

THE RAILWAY INTEREST.

AN instructive exhibit of the magnitude of the railway interests of this country is afforded by the third annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30th, 1890. According to this report the railway mileage of the United States at that time was 163,597.05 miles. The net increase in mileage during the year was 5,838.22 miles, the greatest increase being in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. The industrial enterprise and prog-

ress of that section of the country are strikingly illustrated by these figures. Of the total mileage, 65.41 per cent. was operated by seventy-five companies, whose gross revenue was \$846,888,000, out of a total gross revenue for the railways of the entire country of \$1,051,877,632. These roads performed 83.56 per cent. of the total passenger service, and 85.38 per cent. of the total freight service.

The railways of the country represent a capitalization of \$9,871,378,389. It is significant that while the gross earnings amounted to \$1,051,877,632, the total net income was only \$101,758,587. The total amount of stock which returned no dividends during the year was 63.76 per cent. The most advantageous field of railway operations, as shown by the statistics of this report, is the Middle States, including Maryland. It appears that outside of these States and New England, more than one-half of the total stock invested in railways paid no dividends at all.

The total number of persons employed by our railways is 749,301, exclusive of the employes of express companies connected with the roads. The companies employ 50,140 locomotives, and have in use 1,169,667 passenger and freight cars. During the year 530 employes were killed and 2,588 were injured by train accidents, while 369 employes were killed and 7,842 injured in coupling and uncoupling cars. The commission strongly enforces the necessity of the universal adoption of the improved appliances which have been found to diminish the liability to accidents of this character.

These statistics are of great value, not only as illustrating the extent of our railway system and its usefulness as a factor of the national prosperity, but as showing that the railway business is by no means as uniformly profitable to its managers as is imagined by the public at large. In the Middle States, with their great export cities, and their vast manufacturing population, where the roads necessarily command the traffic for foreign countries, and enjoy besides the benefits of the immense coal and iron trade centered therein, railway investments are reasonably remunerative, notwithstanding the fact that the rates for transportation are lower than in other sections. In two or three Western States, too, of which Chicago is the traffic centre, there has latterly been an improvement in railway earnings; but in the country at large it is safe to say that comparatively few roads yield their owners as favorable returns as would accrue from the investment of their capital in many other forms of enterprise.

ABOUT MONOPOLIES.

THE question, What is a monopoly? is in a fair way of being settled by judicial decision. It is certainly desirable that the loose notions that have prevailed upon the subject should be reduced to order. The popular outcry against combinations of large corporate enterprises, odiously termed trusts and monopolies, led to the enactment of what is known as the Sherman Anti-trust law, passed by the National Congress July 2d, 1890. It provided that all contracts or combinations in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce, should be illegal and punishable, and that every person who should monopolize or combine, or conspire to monopolize trade or commerce, should be guilty of a misdemeanor.

This law seemed very sweeping and formidable, but statutes do not execute themselves, and it requires more than words to disturb the vast business operations of a country like this. What is a combination in restraint of trade, and what is a monopoly of commerce, were questions that this law did not attempt to solve. It was left for the courts to say whether a man or a corporation charged with these offenses should suffer the punishment prescribed for them. Two courts of the United States have recently considered the subject, and in both cases the decision has been in favor of the persons charged with a violation of the statute. The first case related to a combination with respect to the production and distribution of merchandise, and the second to one with respect to railroad transportation; so that by both the whole field within which the law can operate is substantially covered.

Both were cases of vast aggregations of capital, dealing in their respective spheres on the largest scale, so that the results are of capital importance, and will be accepted as decisive as to the whole subject, unless they shall be changed on appeal. One case, decided by United States Circuit Judge Jackson, in Ohio was an attack upon the Distilling and Cattle-feeding Company, a combination of seventy large distilleries, and the parties concerned were charged with violating the law in combining to control the manufacture and sale of seventy-seven million gallons of distillery products, or seventy-five per cent. of the whole products of the United States, whereby they were able to fix prices and prevent free competition, thus restraining trade. The indictment set out in detail the alleged conspiracy and the acts done to carry it into effect, and upon a writ of habeas corpus Judge Jackson held that it did not disclose an offense against the Sherman act, and discharged the prisoner. He defined with great care the meaning of the term monopoly as used in the statute, and declared that in order to be guilty of monopolizing trade and commerce among the States it is necessary to acquire, a

attempt to acquire, an exclusive right in such commerce by means which will prevent others from engaging therein.

The other case, very lately decided by Judge Riner, in the United States Circuit Court held in Wyoming, related to the great combination of sixteen railroads composing the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, and controlling largely the traffic west of the Missouri River. This suit was instituted under the direction of the Attorney-General of the United States, and its object was to dissolve the association and restrain the railroads from entering into any similar organization for the fixing of rates. The question was whether the association was acting in violation of the Sherman law.

It was contested with great ability, and the railroad companies evidently regarded the decision as a matter of vital consequence. The judge held that there was nothing illegal in the contract under which the association was formed, and also that the Sherman act does not apply to common carriers, sustaining the railroad companies on every point.

These two cases will go far to settle the question whether any of the great combinations in this country, now so common in all branches of trade and transportation, are criminal monopolies. A terse definition of the term monopoly is "an exclusive right granted to a few of something which was before of common right." It is obvious that no combinations of individual or corporate capital and effort in dealing with the vast enterprises of this country, however extensive they may be, can come within this definition. They depend upon no grant from the sovereign power, and are in no legal sense exclusive. The country is too vast and its resources too great for any such thing, if it was not wholly against the spirit of the age.

Two centuries ago, while Lord Bacon was chancellor, patents were issued to courtiers for the exclusive right to sell salt, leather, rice, and other necessities of life; and the poet Massenger lampooned as Sir Giles Overreach and Justice Greedy the men who secured the sole right to make gold and silver lace. These were monopolies indeed, but their day has gone by, and there is no longer any need of laws to punish them. The railroad companies, and the manufacturers of whisky or any other articles, have no exclusive grant from the sovereign power of that which was of common right, and a monopoly which is not exclusive is a contradiction in terms.

The field which this rich country offers to industrial enterprise is of such magnitude that combinations of capital and skill are reasonable and inevitable. This is the meaning of partnerships of individuals. For this the formation of corporations is encouraged. If it shall be deemed wise policy to discourage such co-operation, whether among individuals or corporations, it cannot be done by a general statute against monopolies. It may well be doubted whether it is wise to try any more drastic measure.

THE FARMING CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

THE recent conference of British farmers, convened in London by the Central Chamber of Agriculture, which is composed of representatives of landlords and tenants, for the purpose of considering the present depressed condition of British agriculture, was a most significant gathering as illustrating the growing discontent of the tenant-farmers and their hopelessness as to any improvement unless great concessions are made by the landlords and by Parliament.

The English farmers attribute their present condition to the competition of the West and the East, and the consequent low prices prevailing for cereals and all descriptions of farm produce; to rents which are too high and out of keeping with these prices; to the difficulty of securing good labor and its increased cost, owing to the growing movement from the country to the towns; to bad seasons, and, finally, to heavy and increasing taxation, due to the developments in local government which have taken place during the last twenty-five years, the greater part of the cost of which has been thrown upon the occupiers of the land. The farmers recognize that two or three of these causes are permanent. Their only hope is in a thorough-going re-arrangement of the terms and conditions on which they hold their land, and they are asking the help of both the landlords and Parliament in bringing about the desired changes. From the landlords they are asking lower rents. In many of the rural counties of England which in days gone by were famous for wheat growing, rents have been coming down since 1880, until nowadays in some of the Midland shires freehold farms can be purchased outright for less money than was expended a few years ago in building the farm premises. These reductions in rent have not taken place in Wales or in the northern counties of England. Land values have there been hitherto well maintained, owing to the proximity of great centres of population. In bad seasons the land-owners have remitted portions of the rent, but have made no permanent reductions. During the last two or three years the depression in these hitherto more favored counties has been almost as severe as in the wheat-growing shires, and now North-of-England farmers are asking for permanent reductions in rent, and that land-owners shall share in the

adversely altered conditions brought about by foreign competition and cheap ocean freights. If the landlords will not meet them on these points they will ask Parliament to follow the course adopted in Ireland and establish land courts, in which fair rents shall be determined and all disputes between landlords and tenants as to conditions of tenure shall be settled. Moreover, they are asking from Parliament the abolition of the law of entail, which ties up land in great estates and gives the nominal owner anything but a free hand in its management.

The recent convention did not indorse all these demands, but it manifested an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of a return to protection as a means of relief. A resolution was adopted protesting against "the unfair competition of untaxed foreign imports with home produce and manufactures, which are subject to heavy internal taxes, and demanding that competing imports should pay a duty, not less than the rate of taxation on home industry, in order to place them on a level with articles of home production." The unanimity displayed in favor of protection is said to have greatly surprised both Liberals and Conservatives. Another resolution of the conference demands a reduction of the imperial and local taxes on all farming land. The conference also adopted, almost unanimously, a resolution in favor of bimetallism.

THE INDIGNITY TO SPEAKER CRISP.

THE dinner of the Reform Club in honor of Mr. Cleveland was marked by an incident which promises to have serious consequences. Among the invited guests was Speaker Crisp, who, inferring from the character of his invitation that he was expected to make a speech, prepared himself for the occasion, and sent out an advance copy of his remarks to the press, as is customary in affairs of this kind. But when the time came for the speaking, Speaker Crisp was studiously ignored, and he finally quit the dinner-table, hot with indignation. To make the matter worse, one of the speakers, a rabid free-trader, sharply arraigned the Democratic policy at the last session of Congress, intimating that the leaders in the House were cowards and incompetents, thus reflecting directly upon the speaker. The managers of the feast, revenue reformers of the Cleveland pattern, applauded to the echo this untimely assault, and it is even hinted that Mr. Cleveland himself was not altogether displeased by it. However this may be, it is certain that the incident will lead to trouble; the friends of the speaker, who is a candidate for reelection, are up in arms, and announce that they will fight out to the bitter end the conflict thus provoked. The feeling of the House was strikingly indicated on the speaker's first appearance in that body after the fateful dinner. As he appeared in his place and raised his gavel he was greeted with an outburst of applause from both sides of the chamber, which quickly spread to the galleries. The demonstration was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed in the House. It is accounted for by the fact that men of all parties felt that an indignity had been put upon a presiding officer who has done his duty as he understands it, and who is entitled to ordinarily decent treatment at the hands of any assemblage in which he may appear.

There can be no doubt at all that Messrs. Anderson, Fairchild, and the rest who are responsible for this affront deserve all the censure they have received. Speaker Crisp may not agree with their views, but they knew that in advance, and having invited him to their board, they were bound as gentlemen to treat him with courtesy.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THIS can be said of Speaker Crisp: He is a gentleman, always and everywhere. Whether presiding over the House at Washington, or participating in a children's dance at Canajoharie, or sitting at the banquet-table of New York anti-snappers, he bears himself as a Southern gentleman should—with quiet dignity and courtesy to all.

It is utterly disgraceful that the President-elect should be compelled to go into hiding to escape the importunities of office-seekers. Ever since his election Mr. Cleveland has been compelled to resort to all sorts of artifices to evade this class of gentry, who have waylaid him at every turn. Nothing could more strongly illustrate the necessity of divorcing the executive office from the exercise of the appointing power, except as to confidential and first-class offices, than the unseemly treatment to which Mr. Cleveland has been exposed by the greedy office-seekers of his party.

The general government is now engaged in the disreputable business of stamping less than sixty-six cents' worth of silver as a dollar and compelling its circulation as such. The superintendent of a Montana silver company has made a formal offer to the Treasury to manufacture silver dollars each of which shall contain over thirty-seven more grains of pure silver than the present standard dollar, for ninety cents apiece, and to so number and letter each individual coin that the redemption of duplicates would be averted.

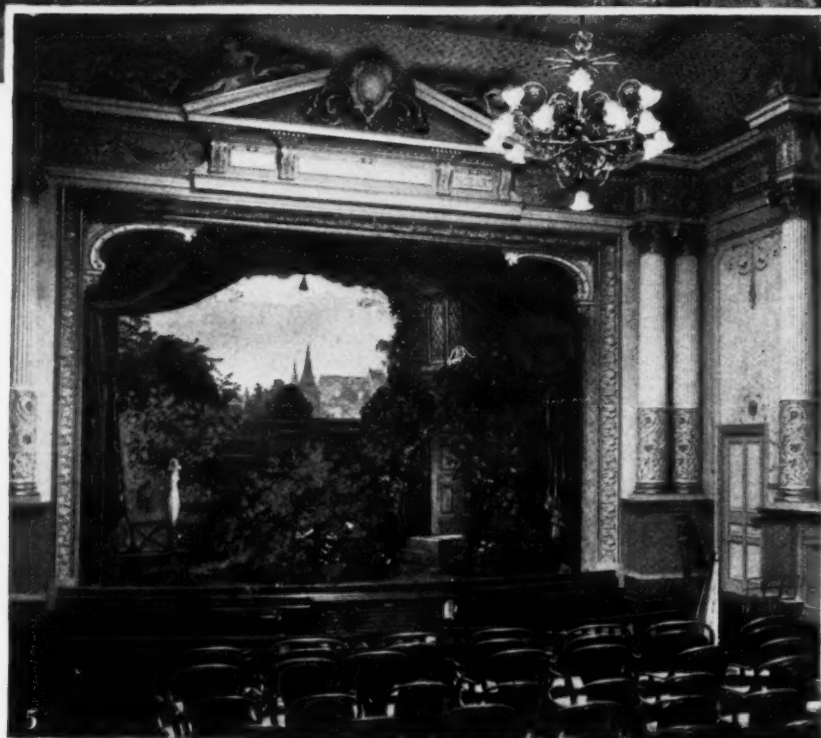
This official declares that the present silver coin can be produced at a profit of fifty-three per cent., and that any counterfeiter can, under these conditions, if he chooses to go into the business, speedily establish a highly remunerative industry. The offer will serve to attract attention to the folly and dangers of our present silver-coinage policy.

THE speeches at the recent dinner of the Reform Club of this city were all pitched in one key: the tariff must be reduced to a purely revenue basis. Thus Congressman Thomas L. Johnson, of Ohio, said that protection must be totally abolished. "There has been enough," he declared, "of the parrot cry, 'Tariff reform but no free trade'; enough of the attempt to conciliate protectionists in the belief that free-traders would vote the ticket anyhow. It is now time to think of conciliating free-traders." Not all the orators phrased their thought in speech so clear-cut as this, but the animus was the same in all. Mr. Cleveland coasted along the edges of the subject with a manifest desire to avoid indiscretions in utterance, but even his glittering generalities betrayed a spirit of sympathy with the principles and policy of the organization which had him as its guest of honor.

It is not probable that Mr. Cleveland has made up his mind as to the constitution of his Cabinet, but it is to be hoped there is some ground for the statement that Representative Herbert, of Alabama, will be offered the position of Secretary of the Navy. As chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, Mr. Herbert has been conspicuous in promoting the construction of a navy worthy of the country. There is some danger that the policy which was initiated by Mr. Whitney, and which has been continued by the present administration, may be opposed by a strong element of the now dominant party. Mr. Holman and others of the cheese-paring economists of Congress are already loudly declaring that there shall be no new ships if they can prevent it. With Mr. Herbert at the head of the navy bureau this opposition to a wise and progressive policy would find it difficult to make serious headway. There can be no question that the navy should be enlarged upon the lines now in course of development, and it would be a public misfortune if the navy portfolio should be given to a representative of the faction who are interposing all possible obstructions to the achievement of that result.

THE estate of the late Jay Gould is valued at seventy-two millions of dollars. Probably this is an under statement, rather than an exaggeration of his vast accumulations. Not a dollar of this enormous sum is given for any charitable or public purpose. Mr. Gould's failure to recognize the responsibility of wealth, and the obligations which every good citizen owes to his fellow-men, has occasioned wide comment. That failure stands in unique contrast with the action of other wealthy men. Thus, for example, Mr. Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, has just erected, at a cost of one million and a half dollars, a magnificent building, which is to be known as the Armour Institute, and will be to that city, in an educational sense, all that the Drexel Institute is to Philadelphia and the Pratt Institute to Brooklyn. The building will be equipped with elaborate apparatus for teaching electricity, physics, and chemistry, and will have a fine library and a perfect gymnasium. It is intended that the faculty of the institution shall be of the very highest standing. As between such an act of beneficence as this and the cold, callous selfishness of Mr. Gould, we suspect there is no human being who could long hesitate to choose.

THE report of the Nicaragua Canal Company, recently submitted to Congress, shows that nineteen miles of the proposed route have been cleared, sixty miles of telegraph line have been erected, and six miles of railroad constructed through swamps to enable the contractors to begin work on the big cut at the eastern divide. The report claims that the results so far achieved demonstrate the salubrity of the climate, the efficiency of labor, and the sufficiency of the estimates of the chief engineer for the harbor, canal dredging, and railroad work. Another point gained is, that by the expenditure of \$2,000,000 during the first year of the work, the concessionary rights made to the company for a term of ten years in which to build the canal have been secured and acknowledged by the official declaration of the Nicaragua government. At the recent canal convention in New Orleans, in which representatives from thirty-six States participated, the most hopeful spirit was manifested as to the outcome of this great enterprise, and it is understood that as a result of that convention immediate pressure will be brought upon Congress to pass the bill now before it, providing for the indorsement of \$100,000,000 of canal bonds by the government. It is understood that the canal company is willing to give to the government of the United States \$70,000,000 of the bonds, in order to lodge the control of the canal in Washington.



1. ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI. 2. MY LADY'S BOUDOIR. 3. THE CASTLE AT CRAIG-Y-NOS. 4. ERNESTO NICOLINI. 5. PATTI'S PRIVATE THEATRE, WITH THE STAGE SET FOR THE GARDEN SCENE IN "FAUST." 6. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE HOME OF MADAME PATTI-NICOLINI, CRAIG-Y-NOS, IN THE SWANSEA VALLEY, SOUTH WALES.

SEE ARTICLE BY MARSHALL P. WILDER ON PAGE 454.



"Jerusie was well propped up against the stump. . . . His eyes were wide open."

THE PRINCE AND THE PICCANINNY.*

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

YELLOW crab-grass waved on the hill that looked with its sun-burned face to the south. Half way up the slope flourished a great golden-poplar. Near it was a ragged persimmon-tree, in whose top branches still hung a few balls painted with an unctuous glow of color.

There were three hills, and they completely shut in Fever Hollow. The visible slope of the hill to the south was red and barren; still, it was a cotton-field, and even now, in December,

*"Piccaninny."—There is an abundance of authority for this spelling. Stormonth's Dictionary gives no other; the Century and the Imperial prefer it. The derivation generally accepted seems to call for it. Still, at the South the spelling is generally *pi ka*—.

much of the poor, dirty cotton remained in the pods. There was okra in patches surrounding big rocks that lay on the hill-side. Little gulleys that the rain had washed out were filled with boulders and shale. Some of it was mica and glittered under the sun. The hill to the west was covered with pines. The needles carpeted that slope; a quantity had slid down it and formed quite a bank in one place in the hollow. One might throw himself upon this bank and sink out of sight in its soft, odorous embrace. A creek came out at the point where the pine-covered hill thrust itself in front of the grass-covered hill; the creek flowed a hundred feet and disappeared around the foot of the cotton field.

This was all of the world that Jerusie had ever seen, except the cabin he lived in; that was at the turn of the creek, where the three hills met. Jerusie could not walk; his spine was crooked and his head was tilted back so that his face looked upward. Each morning they would set him out on the dirt, which was red and hard-packed around the cabin. His place was by a stump, except when Mammie wanted the stump to put her tub on. There was a white family over the west hill on a truck garden, and Mammie washed for them Mondays. On Mondays they leaned Jerusie against the cabin.

Jerusie thought it was a marvelous world. He did nothing but look at it and think about it. He had looked at it for six

years; no one knows when he began to think about it. He knew a deal more about his world than most of us do about our greater one. He knew all the secrets that the pines told each other when they put their heads together. The crab-grass, too, was thoughtful of the little cripple, and when the stems on the top of the hill saw anything noteworthy they told those next them and so passed the word down and whispered it in Jerusie's ear. Then there was not a little wisdom, too, in the dry talk of the cotton-stalks and the ten angled okra pods. And as for the creek, it chattered all the time, though for the most part foolishness, it must be confessed. Still, it was pleasant to hear it report the news from the cane-brake just above, or boast of the fine grove of magnolias whose roots it was presently to bathe. Sometimes in June the breeze would bring the scent of the magnolias up to Jerusie. Then, in their season, yellow and crimson and purple flowers came out of the ground and grouped themselves for him in glorious patterns. Oh, yes! There were many things to make Jerusie love the hollow.

And yet he wondered a good deal what lay beyond the hills. He did not ask questions, but he was very still when Mammie returned from taking home the white family's washing, and closely did he listen. They might have taken him to the top of the cotton-field, but he never asked them to do so.

Jerusie looked on anything that lived beyond the hills just as he would have regarded an inhabitant of the moon. There were three ways by which the strangers of the other world could come into the horizon of Fever Hollow. One was by the trail which came up along the bottom of the cotton-field by the creek and went up through the pines. Jerusie had never seen anything but Mammie and the children in the trail. The second was the creek. If they would lay him upon his stomach on the bank he could see minnows chasing up and down, —only there was often there one sulky fellow who hung mid-way the depth in silent state. The other way was the air. Jerusie had a faint sense of thankfulness for his crooked back, because he could look into the clouds a good deal without getting tired. There were so many birds that thought of Jerusie and went out of their way to fly over Fever Hollow—birds of every wing, full of song and gracefulness, and notable in color.

It was the last of December; Jerusie was propped against the stump. He was lonesome, for to-day the trees and the grass and the creek were silent. He could not get a word out of them. But now and then a whisper went round. It was so faint and mysterious that Jerusie could not understand it at all.

"Peaks like you all, is kind-ah waitin' fo' somethin'," said Jerusie to the grass-stalks near him. But the answer was so faint a murmur that he could not catch it.

In the evening, at four o'clock or so, he saw the golden-poplar lift its head and gaze earnestly over the hill. It seemed to be disappointed, for in a moment it dropped its head and was still. But just then something happened which was a great event in Jerusie's life. Somebody came over the hill.

It was the little daughter of the owner of the truck farm. Her feet danced and slid down the grass, and her petticoats rippled with laughter. The eyes of the piccaninny nearly burst out of his head. He had some indistinct notions about angels; she called them up.

She came all the way down the hill, turned when she reached the trail and started up toward the pines, glancing curiously at the line of gourds on the back of the cabin. When she saw Jerusie, she stopped and laughed.

"Hello, little black boy!" she said. "Why don't you come here and help me tote my mistletoe?" She had her arms full of it.

"I—I kain't, please, mum," said Jerusie.

It took two or three efforts to get that lump in his throat out of the way to say this. The little girl thought him very funny and laughed some more.

"My! you are lazy. Look, isn't this nice?" But Jerusie did not move and she came up close to him and held out a branch white with waxen berries.

"Powahful nice, mum," said he, after a swallow, gazing hard at her white skin.

"We always put it all over the house Christmas. And to-night Uncle Merideth and George and Alice are coming, and won't we have a gay time! You ought to see our house when it's trimmed. It is just lovely!" The little girl dwelt on "lovely" and shook her head for emphasis.

Jerusie was slyly reaching his finger up toward the back of her hand. He touched it and rubbed along it a little way; then he drew back his finger and looked at it. The white did not rub off.

"Angel, shoah!" said Jerusie.

"Yes, I'll give you some if you want it. Only you ought to be ashamed, big as you are, not to be gathering it yourself to trim your house for the Prince."

She broke off a sprig of mistletoe and put it into his hand.

"'Eh Prince?" said Jerusie.

"Why, of course," laughed the little girl. "Don't you know? He comes on Christmas. To-morrow is Christmas. He is beautiful and good and kind, and, oh! everybody worships Him and loves Him. And He loves everybody, specially children, and He is coming to-morrow and I'm so glad!"

"To yoah house?" asked Jerusie.

"Why, yes; and to yours too, of course. He will come right over that hill when the sun does, and I s'pect you will see him first. And he will give you things. Why, I hope he will give me a bracelet like my cousin Alice's. And what do you want him to give you?"

"I do' know ez I know, mum," said Jerusie. "I do' know but I'd rathah 'e jes' take me 'long to yoah house an' show me wot 'e give you."

"Why, he will if you want him to. Up to our house and to the city and to everybody's house, to see what they got, and—and—everywhere."

"Ev'rywhahs?" said Jerusie.

"Only you must ask God," said the little girl, solemnly.

So Jerusie asked God.

"Well, I am going now," said she. "Mamma will be s'pecting me."

The little girl tossed a handful of berries into Jerusie's face, laughed, and started, skipping, up the hill. She called out as she went:

"Don't let the Prince go by when you are asleep."

Jerusie's heart was beating fast. Whose would not after an angelophany? But now, as he looked about at his friends, the trees, the grass, the cotton-stalks, the creek, and the wind, he wondered how he could have failed to understand their whispers. They had been talking all the time of the Prince, and their low tones were such as befitted humility in the expected presence of the great and good one. Jerusie listened; everything about him seemed to join in a sweet, solemn chorus in praise of the Prince. He fancied he could even catch the sound of voices beyond the circuit of the hills, and he thought that, were he lifted up where it might be heard, he would listen to an anthem made mighty by a murmur of joy from everything upon all the earth. And when Jerusie heard of the goodness and gentleness of the Prince, and how He had left His Father's house to go about gladdening the sorrowful and refreshing the weary, his heart overflowed with a great love.

"Gawd," he said; "Gawd, please, sah, kin a poah cripple niggah jine in? I'd kine-ah like to."

The golden-poplar gave an encouraging nod.

So Jerusie put together such words of praise as he knew, with some slides and cadences he had heard from Mammie, and sung a queer enough song of love for the Prince. He apologized when he had finished.

"I hope you don't min', Gawd."

Surely, God did not mind.

The events of this great day were not yet over. Jerusie heard the sound of human voices come up along the creek and grow louder and louder. Before long a crowd of darkey children burst into sight. Jerusie thought this must be about all the inhabitants of the outer world. There were a score. They did not see him.

"Yeah 's a great 'ol place. We kin play fine yeah," they cried in delight. Two boys turned somersaults into the bank of pine-needles and one got his bare feet sharply pricked.

They formed a circle, with one girl in the centre. She was chosen because she excelled in awkwardness.

"Now, Nance, keep hit lively," they admonished her.

With her hands on her hips she started a gentle shuffle and began to chant:

"'Eh Prince is comin'."

"When is 'e comin'?" responded the circle, taking up the shuffle.

"'E's comin' in 'eh moahnin'."

"Whah is 'e comin'?"

"'E's comin' right yeah."

"How is 'e comin'?"

This was Nance's cue. She broke into the most grotesque and fearful attitudes and gestures, singing as she did so:

"'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' fo' shoah."

The circle had to imitate Nance. They had no easy task to match her. She repeated the lines many times, varying her gestures each time, growing more and more violent, and crying out, as she could catch breath:

"'Hump yo'sefe, chillan ;

'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' fo' shoah."

And the ring mimicked her. Finally Nance surpassed herself in a leap, which they all imitated; then they sank on the ground to rest. Every Christmas is initiated so. They were light-hearted and happy. After a little while they went on.

"Is 'at wot to sing?" said Jerusie to himself.

"'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' jes' so."

"'E's comin' fo' shoah."

And Jerusie waved his hands quite prettily in the air and made as though he would embrace some one.

"But, law sakes! wot 'ud a Prince ca-ah fo' a li'l lame, Fevah Hollah piccaninny?"

The pine-trees, the cotton-stalks, the crab-grass, and the creek raised a great murmur of indignation, and the breeze told Jerusie softly that it was just such as he that the Prince loved most tenderly.

"Ez me?" said Jerusie. "Then 'scuse me, Gawd; mebbe I was wicked, but I's s'ach a powahful poah li'l niggah."

Jerusie had a great deal to think of the rest of the evening. For supper they brought him a piece of hoe-cake and a pork-rind. He ate them and scraped his fingers off on the stump that they might be clean and nice for the Prince.

When Mammie came to take him in to bed he told her all about it, and asked her to leave him out by the stump to watch. He bribed her with a promise to call when the Prince came, so that she and the children might run out and see.

"An' yet I'se fe-ahed you'll ketch yoah death o' col', honey," Mammie said as she left him.

Jerusie was well propped up against the stump. The stars winked cheerily at him, and a jack-o-lantern bobbed about on the bank of the creek a while. But presently the chilling mist arose and wove a curtain round him so that he could see nothing. There was a great hush now over everything. The only song of love for the Prince was in Jerusie's own heart; there it grew louder constantly.

It was cold for a little while. It was very cold and damp—for a little while. Then Jerusie became quite warm, though the night must have grown colder. He laid his head back on the stump; he could not get it far enough back. He wanted to touch his heels with it; then he would have been easy. But although he could not do this, he was so warm, and had such pleasant thoughts, that he was happy. He felt that delicious sensation one feels when falling to sleep, but his mind was quite awake. His eyes were wide open, and he saw the most beautiful sights and heard the most wonderful music—whole symphonies framed out of the simple song in his own heart—all night.

And did the Prince not come? He did not fail to come. After long, long hours of delight, morning began to creep around the earth again, and Jerusie's vision of wondrous scenes grew dim.

"It kain't be long now," said Jerusie. He tried to put his hands together to pray, but he had no power to move. It did not matter; he went on with his prayer:

"Gawd, let 'eh Prince take me 'long with 'im, please, sah."

God heard him. Jerusie's face was to the east. The Christmas sun peeped over the hill and let its light creep down the pines. Presently it fell upon his forehead and made it all bright. His eyes were fastened upon the eastern hill-top.

"'Is chariot 's a-comin' up. Sweet Prince, yeah I is; yeah 's li'l piccaninny! To think now 'at 'e ca-ahs fo' me. Mammie-eh, 'eh Prince is come!"

The sun let its light flash a little lower. Jerusie's eyes were blinded by the heavenly brightness. He gasped for breath. For an instant before it left forever his strength came back. He dropped kisses upon his hands and showered them into the air.

"'E's come jes' so."

He reached forth his hands to clasp his Prince; he let his head fall as if upon his bosom. The sun made an aureole in his wool. His face took on a peaceful smile, and he murmured, as one who sinks to sleep:

"—come—fo'—shoah."

THE OLD YEAR KNOWS.

The Old Year knows his course has run
And he has gained a long repose ;
His first and last,—so bravely won,
The Old Year knows.

He loved the violet and the rose,
His gentle daughters that the sun
Of summer saved from arctic foes.

His great heart when its life begun
Throbbed with unnumbered joys and woes.
Like dreams they left him one by one—
The Old Year knows.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

MONEY IN OUR ELECTIONS.

THE IMMENSE SUMS USED FOR CORRUPTING THE FRANCHISE.

THE mere election machinery in a Presidential year is expensive. This expense is borne by the States, and is all very right and proper, though at this end of the century the methods unquestionably seem very awkward and cumbersome. With such expenses and methods it is not at all the purpose of this article to deal, but rather with the expenses of a campaign up to the close of the balloting on election day. Such expenses are not met by the States or by the general government, but, on the contrary, officers of the law look very carefully as to how such money is spent, for there is a natural suspicion that much of it is frequently used to corrupt the suffrage. The crime involved in corrupting the suffrage is not held in the detestation that it deserves to be. Men who in the ordinary affairs of life are decent and self-respecting; men who in business act fairly and pay their debts with scrupulous nicety; men who in their own homes respect the sanctity of their firesides, and are good husbands and fathers, too often forget, in the heat of a political campaign, the obligations that citizenship imposes in a democratic form of government based on manhood suffrage. There is a silly and sinful adage that all is fair in love and war. This adage has often been stretched to include also politics. But the adage was always silly, and has never been recognized as having any authority with civilized people. Warfare is regulated by rules so strict that the penalty of offending against them is death to the offender. And so in politics. The laws stipulate exactly what may be done, and in explicit terms declare what may not be done. He who breaks these laws is declared to be a felon. To procure the commission of a crime is criminal, and when a man so far forgets his duty of citizenship as to participate in the corruption of the suffrage, whether actively or passively, that man has assisted in committing a crime of singular loathsomeness.

This cannot be insisted on too strongly. We all know that those men who proudly call themselves "practical politicians" laugh to scorn the nice scruples of honorable men, and think that those who will not soil their hands with dirty work for party advantage are just a trifle too good for this world. In this regard there is no difference at all between the "practical politicians" of whatever party. The methods of the "practical" Republican and the "practical" Democrat are very much the same; as alike, indeed—to use a homely phrase—as two peas. With them politics is at once an occupation and an exciting form of sport. Few of them have opinions worthy of any respect. They belong to this party or the other because they do, or because they hope for some reward, or because they have been hired to work for it. That's about all. Indeed, there can be little doubt that the country would be much better off if universal suffrage could be limited to the extent of disfranchising the "practical politicians" of both parties.

Just when a campaign has been finished and one party has won a great victory and the other has accepted the situation with great good nature, it might seem that remarks such as these are rather untimely. But they are not. The battle has been fought. The dead and wounded have been carried away. The smoke has cleared and the victorious army is celebrating its triumph and getting ready to divide the spoils of conquest. This is a most appropriate time to inquire what has been spent in the fight and also how it has been spent. Those of us who read the newspapers were informed from time to time during the campaign that most strenuous efforts were made by the party managers to secure funds with which to carry on the fight. We were told also in Republican papers that the Democrats had millions of money with which they meant to buy votes and do other disgraceful deeds. The Democratic papers returned these charges with accustomed violence and complained that while their own coffers were empty the Republican treasury was bursting with money that was to be used to buy the election. The writer has been at much pains to find out as nearly as possible how much each national committee spent and what the money was spent for, together with the amounts spent in the various States for the national campaign, and also what was spent in the Congressional contests. The aggregate of these amounts will be what was spent on the national election, and leaves out of account entirely the merely local elections.

This aggregate is nearly six million dollars.

As campaigns are managed in the United

States there are certain expenses that are entirely legitimate, and to the payment of these any man, however nice his sense of propriety, could contribute with a clear conscience. But surely nothing like six millions of dollars were spent in such legitimate ways. Each party took a house in New York for national headquarters, and these houses were filled with clerks engaged in the various departments. One department, for instance, had charge of the campaign speakers, and another department had charge of the press and literary supplies. Some speakers came pretty high and got as much as one hundred dollars per speech, and some were much cheaper, while others only asked that traveling and hotel expenses should be paid. Such expenses are legitimate enough even if they cost a great deal—though why a man who had to be paid to make an argument in a political campaign should have any influence, it is a little difficult to see. Another considerable source of expense is the literary department. In this department are employed trained writers who prepare documents for public distribution, look after the press, etc. In this last campaign this department was extended to such a degree that each party sent out to newspapers tons of stereotyped matter ready to be locked into the forms of the out-of-town papers. This kind of work was also entirely legitimate.

Now, in each State and county there were committees of each party reporting all the time to the national committees. To see what these reports amounted to also needed little armies of clerks. It was strictly fair to pay these for their services. Reports were continually being sent to headquarters that there were efforts to colonize voters here by one party and there by another. To investigate such reports and to thwart such efforts where found was proper. This, the writer has been told, cost a very pretty sum, though how much good was done is another matter. Now the national committees did such things as these in a general way, and each State and county committee did them in a specific way. The work was more intense and more expensive in those States where there was a close contest. The sharply-contested States were nine in number, and embraced New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas. The amounts spent by the national and State committees of both parties in these States have been collated as nearly as possible from official sources, but sometimes this could not be done. But this estimate is clearly within the mark:

New York.....	\$1,452,000	West Virginia.....	\$180,000
New Jersey.....	613,000	Michigan.....	400,000
Connecticut.....	180,000	Wisconsin.....	300,000
Indiana.....	543,000	Kansas.....	200,000
Illinois.....	736,000		
Total.....	\$4,604,000		

Now there were seventeen States in which there were contests, but contests not nearly so desperate as those in the class just spoken of. This second class embraces California, Iowa, Virginia, Alabama, Massachusetts, Delaware, Rhode Island, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Minnesota, Missouri, and Montana. In these States were spent sums ranging from \$100,000 to \$10,000, and the aggregate was not less than \$700,000. Now this leaves another class of uncontested States—States that were regarded as certain to go either Democratic or Republican, and not worth fighting for. These States are eighteen in number, and are Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, and Wyoming. Money had to be spent in all these States to keep up the organizations of the parties. Some spent more and some less, but an average of \$10,000 for each would be entirely within the real facts. This would make a total of \$180,000.

In the Congressional elections estimates have had to be made in the great majority of instances. These estimates aggregated \$700,000, but as the estimates cannot be substantiated by unquestionable facts, suppose for present purposes the aggregate be cut down by one-half, and the total placed at \$350,000.

Here is a résumé of these totals:

Sharply-contested States.....	\$4,604,000
Contested States.....	700,000
Uncontested States.....	180,000
Congressional contests.....	350,000
Grand total.....	\$5,834,000

Now, how much of this was spent in the legitimate ways mentioned, and in other ways not contrary to law? The writer has tried very hard to get testimony on this bearing of the subject. Those who know best are the most reticent. The Democrats claim that they were pure and the Republicans corrupt, and the Republicans claim just the opposite. Would it be

fair to make an average of what is said by each of itself and of each by the other? If so the average would be that thirty-four per cent. of this great total was spent corruptly; for the Republicans say that they spent ninety per cent. of their fund legitimately, while the Democrats only spent forty per cent. fairly; and, on the other hand, the Democrats say that ninety-five per cent. of their fund was legitimately spent, and that the Republicans only so spent forty per cent. Singularly enough, I have some evidence that corroborates this average. From three States I have received unquestionable facts as to the expenditure of political funds with reference to the amounts raised, and in these States fully one-third of the funds were used to buy votes and to reward opponents for not registering. One-third of the grand total of \$5,834,000 is \$1,944,666. Pretty nearly two millions of dollars, or enough to build a great war-ship for our navy.

This money was contributed in the main by men who in the ordinary affairs of life would not only scorn to do an illegal thing, but scorn to do a mean or unclean thing. And yet one-third of each contribution was used to debauch American voters and debase the American suffrage.

And the singular part of the campaign in which so much money has been spent is that the work done appears to have had no appreciable effect on the result. Two weeks before the election the "practical politicians" about Democratic headquarters began to fear that the battle was lost. In confidence one would say to another, "Harrity has botched this business, and we shall lose," or make some such remark. By election day everything save a sham show of confidence had vanished, and the Democrats were weak in the knees. At Republican headquarters, for two weeks before the polling, all reports indicated that Mr. Harrison would be triumphantly re-elected. And on the night of election day the leaders went there with absolute confidence that all would be well. But the result turned out just the opposite of what these well-informed "practical politicians" who had handled these large funds anticipated. One of the chief men in the management of the fight told the writer that he believed that ninety per cent. of the funds not used to buy votes was wasted. If he be right, then decent people, when next asked to contribute to a political fund, will have this problem to solve: If thirty per cent. of my last subscription was used corruptly and ninety per cent. of the remainder was wasted, how much should I give now?

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

A STRANGE PRAYER-MEETING.

THE DISASTER TO THE STEAMSHIP "SPREE."

WHEN the machinery of the North German Lloyd steamer *Spree* broke down in mid-ocean, several weeks ago, she had among her passengers two men noted for their piety. These were Major-General O. O. Howard, of the United States Army, in which he is known as the "praying soldier," and Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist. The broken shaft, it will be recalled, in some way not yet explained knocked a great hole in the hull of the ship below the water-line, and several of the stern bulkheads filled with water, which rose to such a height that the state rooms of the second-cabin passengers were flooded. There was something of a panic among the passengers, many of whom believed that the ship was sinking, and would soon be at the bottom of the sea. Several men lost their minds through fear, and screamed and cursed like demons; five women went crazy entirely, and had to be tied to prevent them from hurting themselves or others; one poor fellow took it into his head that he was the Jonah that the ship was carrying, and that if he should jump overboard the ship and passengers would be saved. He therefore, in his madness, plunged into the sea and sank out of sight at once.

Mr. Moody and several others of the passengers who were on the *Spree* arrived in New York the other day on the *Etruria*. The evangelist was met at the dock by an army of reporters, for he had announced in Queenstown that he believed that the *Spree* was saved from sinking by divine interposition in answer to the prayers of the passengers. These reporters were on hand to question Mr. Moody on this test of prayer. He was in a great hurry to get off to his home in Massachusetts, but he stopped long enough to describe the accident, the time between the breaking of the shaft and the rescue, the rescue itself, and the prayer-meeting, which he thinks saved the sinking ship. How great the danger was may be understood when it is known that from the time the shaft broke through the compartments early in the morn-

ing to late in the day the officers feared that the ship would sink.

"We knew the ship was sinking," said Mr. Moody, "when we came on deck. There was no panic then. The women did not scream or dash about; nor were the men very much frightened. But every one felt that the end was near. We looked into each other's faces but did not speak. The engines were working at the pumps, but the water was gaining, and with each roll of the ship we could hear the water, like the roll of the surf. The water soon reached the second cabin, and the passengers there fled to the first cabin. The stern of the big ship was down so that the after deck was almost submerged. She rolled so that the lifeboats could not be launched, and waves boarded her as she rolled. The sea was not stormy, but rough.

"Six hours after the accident, at noon, the captain came to the dining-room where we were all gathered and told us that the pumps were working successfully, and that he thought he had the water under control. We had passed a ship the day before, he said, and by three o'clock it should catch up with us. The men and women then went on deck, and walking up and down, watches in hand, looked for the expected sail. Hour after hour passed with no sign of a rescue. Each roll seemed her last. Yet it was her salvation, the officers said, to keep her rolling. She was kept in the trough of the sea. If she had been pitching one plunge might have sent the water into the hold, breaking forward, and that would have been the last of her. Night came on with the passengers still scanning the sea. The darkness seemed such as never human beings were called upon before to witness. It was certainly the darkest night in my life. Rockets were sent up at intervals, and a huge barrel kept filled with tar was burning on the hurricane deck forward. No eye was closed in sleep that night. No man believed he would see another sun.

"In the first-cabin dining-room were gathered the first and second cabin passengers. Dismal efforts were made to entertain the passengers. We could not talk religion, for the first word brought forth a hundred exclamations, 'Are we sinking?' In that first night one woman went insane and begged piteously that her two children should be saved and she be let to die. It seemed an age until the morning. The Sabbath morning broke. The watch on the deck was resumed. The officers were there with revolvers buckled to their waists for instant use. The strain on the mind of the people was awful. At last I proposed that we have a meeting. General Howard and some of the other passengers agreed to it. I went to Captain Willigerod. 'I'm of that persuasion myself,' he said, and so we called a meeting. We gathered in the dining-room—five hundred—Jews, Catholics, skeptics and Christians. Creed made no difference. I have been under fire twice in my life. I passed through the cholera epidemic in

next a German passenger read in German. Then I read the One-hundred-and-seventh Psalm, and then we knelt and prayed. I say 'we.' I believe there was not a soul there that didn't join in that prayer. We prayed that God would hear our cry and would bring the ship safe into haven. We tried also to sing, but it was sorry singing with choking throats and aching hearts. General Howard did sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

"He sang it clear through. Now and then a voice joined with his, but it was only for a word or two. A sob would end it. Never was a more earnest meeting held than this. I didn't hear much talk of skepticism, I can tell you, for three or four days. I do not think that any meeting ever held had a more comforting effect on the participants. We slept that night—some of us did. I slept. General Howard slept peacefully. But my son was one who did not.

"At 2:30 o'clock in the morning he went on deck. He came down almost immediately and told me he had seen a light. I started up with him. Others joined us. He pointed off to the distance. Then we saw what looked like a tiny star. It rose out of the blackness of the night and disappeared. It rose and fell thus time and again. 'It is our star of Bethlehem,' we said. How we watched it until it came in view all the time! That ship looked immense. It seemed to tower high above us. In reality we were five times as big."

The ship that was seen approaching proved to be the *Lake Huron*, which towed the *Spree* into Queenstown. Though the danger was over after the arrival of the *Lake Huron*, the tension on the minds of the passengers seemed to be as great as ever, and it was while the *Spree* was under tow that the women alluded to went crazy and the young man jumped overboard. "I am a firm believer in prayer," Mr. Moody said, "and I always have been. I believe and I know that God saved the *Spree* in answer to our prayers."

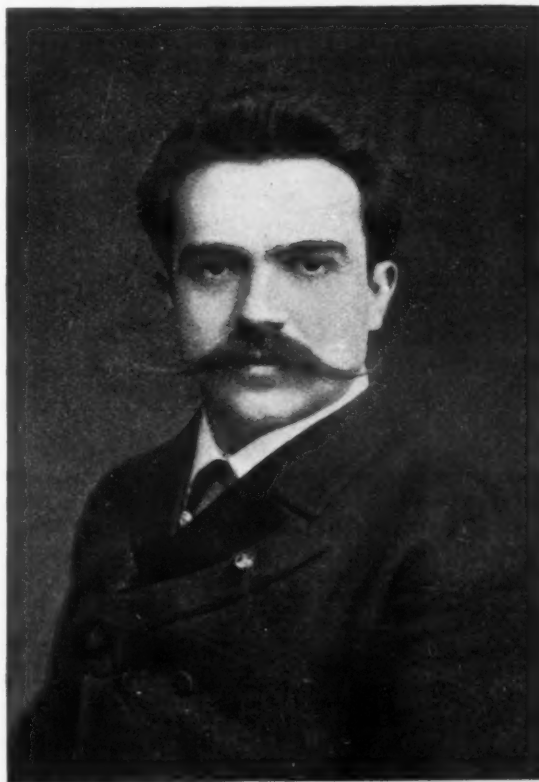
One of the reporters asked: "What was your prayer that was answered?"

"We prayed that the ship be brought to a haven, and relief came on the night after our prayer-meeting."

"When we were finally safe in port," Mr. Moody continued, "we had a thanksgiving service and then we had singing that was good to hear. It was enthusiastic and fervent praise that went up to heaven straight from the hearts of the people."

JOHANNES WOLFF.

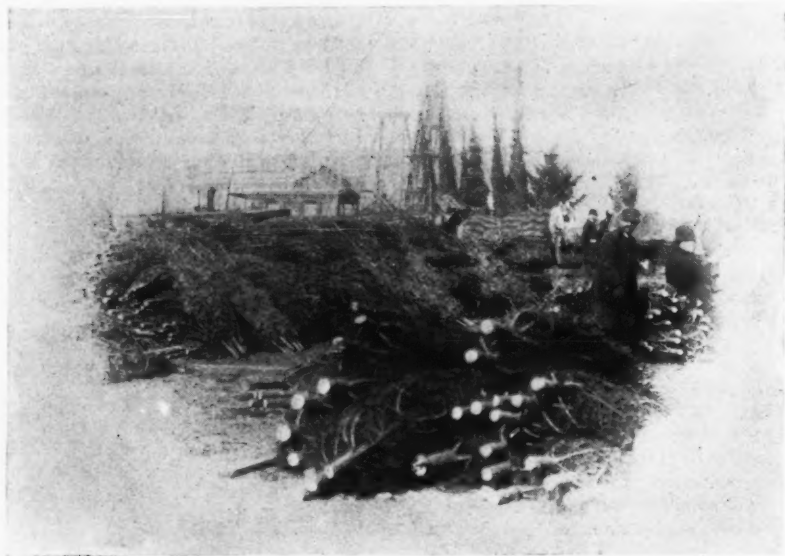
JOHANNES WOLFF, the distinguished European violinist at present visiting this country in professional association with the Cellist Hollman, and who is enjoying high artistic and social honors in New York, is a native of Holland. His first master was the great Wieniawski. At the age of fourteen he won the King's scholarship at The Hague, whence he proceeded to Dresden and carried off all the honors of the conservatory there. His professional debut was made in Paris, at the Paderloup concerts of 1882. He has since confirmed his reputation in all the capitals and courts of Europe, winning the enthusiastic admiration and friendship of such world-famous musicians as Gounod, Ambrose Thomas, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Reyer, Lalo, Dvorak, and other contemporaries. His playing combines with unflinching technical perfection a remarkable breadth of power and beauty of tone, a peculiarly sympathetic command of his instrument, and a delicacy of expression at once intense and refined. Mr. Wolff plays a Cremona of rare



JOHANNES WOLFF.

Chicago, and visited the houses of the sick. I am not afraid, but in the dark hour I had all I could do to sustain myself. I read the Ninety-first Psalm. One verse I read in English, the

quality though unknown make, presented to him by that noted collector, the Duc de Camille, as a souvenir of a memorable artistic evening at that nobleman's home in Paris.



ARRIVAL OF TREES FROM UP THE HUDSON.



SELLING TO LOCAL DEALERS.



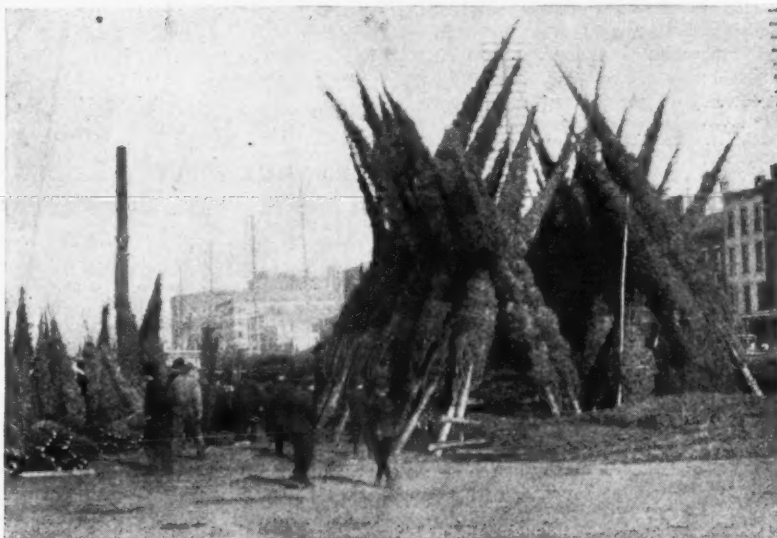
LOADING UP TO TAKE TO BROOKLYN.



GROCERYMEN PICKING OUT THEIR PURCHASES.



MAKING A DEAL.



LARGE TREES FOR CHURCHES, ETC.

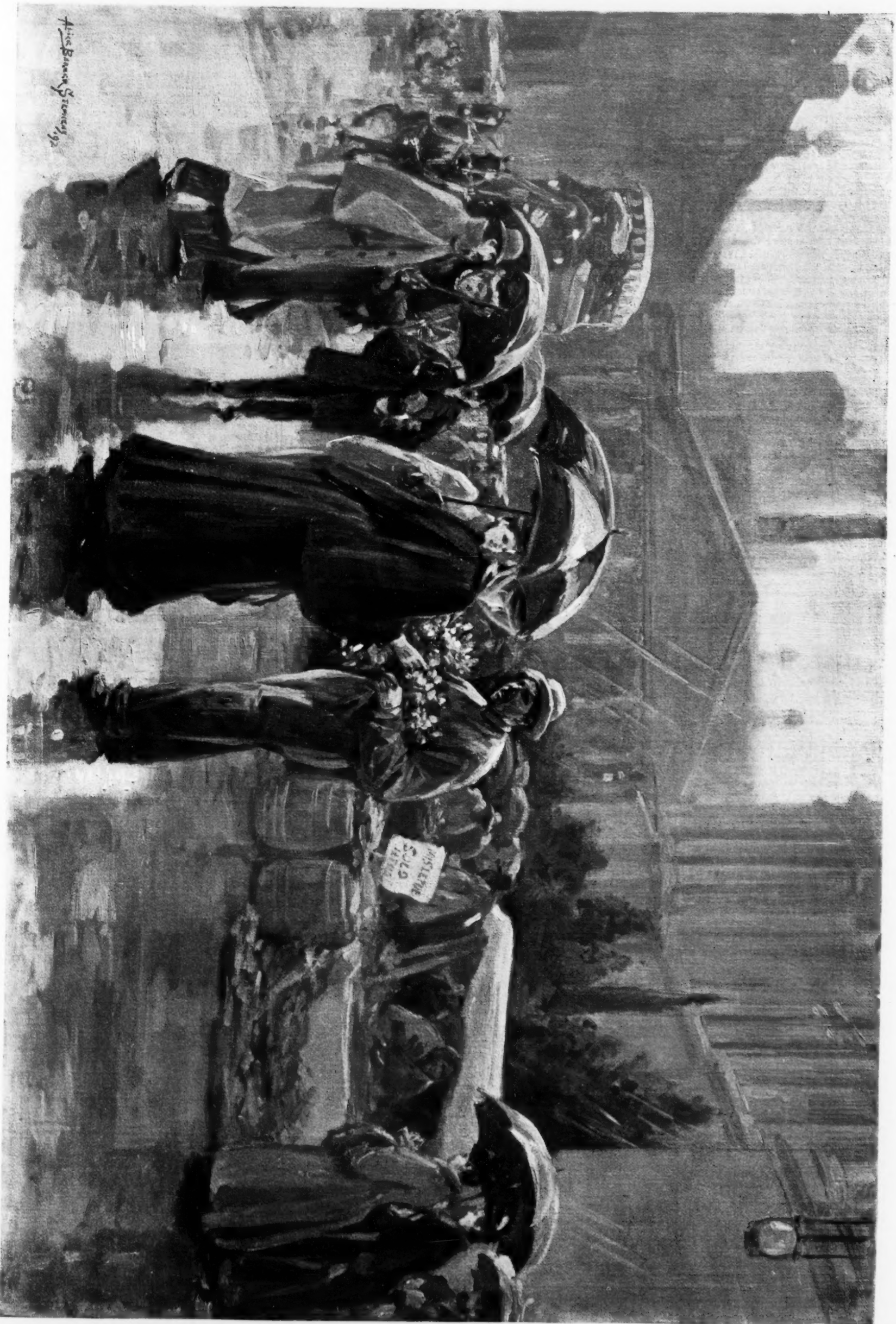


WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.



OLD FAVORITE SELLING HOUSE DECORATIONS

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON—THE TRAFFIC IN CHRISTMAS-TREES AND DECORATIONS ON THE HUDSON RIVER FRONT, NEW YORK CITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE HENRY TYRRELL'S ARTICLE, ENTITLED "THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS-TREE," ON PAGE 454.]



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON—IMPROVISED MARKET FOR CHRISTMAS-TREES IN FRONT OF THE NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

A GLIMPSE OF HER HOME AND HOME LIFE.

CRAIG-Y-NOS ("Crag-of-the-night") in the Swansea valley, at Ystradgynlais, South Wales—here is the home of Patti, by river and meadow and mountain.

Among madame's pets at her castle seat is one Jumbo, a parrot—an American parrot—who carried with him to Wales his country's admiration for his mistress. For when she goes forth into the great world he puts on a long face, and with a tone touched with tears keeps calling, "Where is Patti? Where is Patti?" But the parrot only gives word to what is felt by all the good folk of Swansea valley; for the pets and the people, of high and low degree, miss this wonderful little woman when she is away, and she in turn longs for her pets and her peasants, her country roads and princely retreat, with that simple-hearted longing which doubtless gives much of the eloquence that the world knows of in her "Home, Sweet Home." This little song, that makes the whole world kin, bears to the difficult song-work of Patti some such relation as does her life of artlessness to her life of art. Her nature undisguised is child-like, spontaneous, glad.

When I took ship on the *City of New York*, the 18th of May last, in the same party with Madame Patti-Nicolini, she was full of greetings and words of parting to those coming and going just before we sailed. There was, that blithe morning, a certain fragrant bloom in her every tone of sadness or gladness—the effervescence of a soul unaffected.

So it was all the way over, and it was a very frolic of children—the mirth and devotion between husband and wife. Nicolini's tenderness toward her was the remark of the ship. Always natty in dress, Nicolini was ever alert, turning out the worst of weather, doing all kinds of little "do's" for his *esposita*, even to the delivery of her morning mail. For, previous to sailing, a Boston lady friend had sent aboard seven or eight letters with the direction that one should each morning be delivered to Madame Patti-Nicolini. What a merry-making there was, to be sure, when the usual—or, rather, unusual—letter bobbed up every morning! A slip of a fresh, apple-cheeked country girl could not have been more demonstrative. But such is her single-mindedness: her heart is young, and that is no doubt one of the great causes of the depth of her beauty. An ocean voyage generally washes out the skin-deep variety, but I saw Patti every day, and her luscious, fathomless Spanish beauty turned up with her every time. She was the pet of the people without seeming to be conscious of it, and went along through the days just like other folks—nothing fly-away—speaking to friend after friend in the language of their preference, for it makes no difference to her—German, French, Spanish, Italian, or English; and with all her *naïveté*, what an adroit and charming diplomat!

"You must visit me," she said one day on the steamer, and turning the light of her eyes upon me in full glory, she added: "I won't take no for an answer. I will follow you all over England with telegrams, or have you go."

I went.

At Paddington station I found that my hostess was truly a royal one, for there was the private car of his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, awaiting her, just like a Pullman car, only it was a prince's car. The interior was gorgeously banked with flowers from end to end, and, snatching up bunches here and there, Patti would be all in a glee over a bunch of flowers. As the train moved, three beautiful young girls ran down the length of the station to get a last glimpse of Patti. Two of them threw up their hands, their faces flushed with the race; the third sped to the end of the platform. It was a pretty picture.

In our party were Madame and Monsieur Nicolini, madame's companion and two maids, Nicolini's attendant and valet. I completed the group, and was with reason congratulating myself, knowing the scarcity and luxury of the private car in England. As we swept by Neath, the former home of my hostess, now the seat of Stanley, her eyes sparkled, for home meant so much to her, and she was almost there. What a lark there was, too, on our short run, with Patti singing "In the Bowery," and snatches from other "fad" airs, Nicolini joining in, and now breaking away on his own hook into "Annie Rooney," with the refrain, "Adelina Patti is my sweetheart."

He was always toying about her in some fond way, with little attentions to her meals, looking out for trifles here and trifles there.

Penwyllt is the snug little station where we

left our car for Craig-y-Nos. The two places are within ten minutes' ride of one another, and are connected by a delightful carriage road, perfected by Patti at a cost of \$30,000.

We were met at the station by a corps of servants, a big drag, equipages for guests, and were driven in handsome style around the frowning brow of the great crag into full view of the castle, spreading out its arms as if in gladness at the happy home-coming of its queen.

As we neared the great gate all the house gathered to meet us, from the head man Heck to the stable-boys. It seemed to me that I had been assigned to the choice of the eighty rooms in the castle, so luxurious were all the appointments about me.

I spoke of the pets. There were twenty-five or thirty varieties of birds, besides donkeys, ponies, and rare dogs, of which Patti is very fond, and which accompany her in her walks. Ten of these birds were parrots. Each one had acquired that peculiar style of eloquence best suited to his temperament. For example, one day when Patti got a trifling hurt of some kind the clever bird surprised me by ejaculating, "Pity Patti!" This gushing bird has ever since maintained a steady sympathy, spending most of his verbally unhappy life saying "Pity Patti! Pity Patti!" As you go up to each parrot he thus with some different speech unburdens his own mind to you. They are sociable birds, spending most of their time together, and when, now and then, a sewing-society notion strikes them to talk all at once, it might be called a unanimous change of subject. It is a genuine case of "forte,"—not "piano," but "forte."

From the moment of his arrival a valet is put at the service of the guest, and each night orders are taken by him for the following morning as to the personal tastes of the guest. There is no rising time. While Patti is an early riser, she makes no such demands upon her guests. The valet appears at the hour ordered, prepares the bath, and serves breakfast at any time desired. Patti, after her regular morning bath, takes her breakfast and reads her daily mail before going out for the day. The guest is absolutely free to do as he wishes until half-past twelve. During my morning strolls I often met Patti sauntering through the grounds with her well-beloved dogs.

At half-past twelve all meet at lunch, and all must be prompt. At this little *déjeuner*, which is by no means a light meal, Patti is in a gale of joyous chat and greeting. The trivial incident is touched into color by her versatility and vitality.

Then comes the famous afternoon drive. As a rule the homes of the neighborhood are connected by telephone with the castle, and invitations come and go. One afternoon we drove to a farm-house of a neighbor, where we saw a contest of three sheep-dogs. There were three sheep to each dog, and the test of superior merit was which dog could most quickly drive his three sheep into a corral through one opening, an intensely interesting illustration of the instinctive sheep-driving skill of the dog. Then again we drove calling, and often for a long spin only in the mountain air.

A light English tea at five, after which we have until half-past seven to rest and appear at the great event of the day—dinner. All, of course, appear in full dress, gathering in the boudoir, where one sees pictures and autographs of famous people—the world over. Among the autographs I noticed those of Mrs. Cleveland, Christine Nilsson, Niemann, Albani, Scalchi, Hans Richter, Verdi, and the King and Queen of Italy. The full-length portrait of Mrs. Cleveland appears by the side of that of the Princess of Wales. The trimmings, coloring, wall covering, the whole suggestion of the interior, is restful in its richness.

The first announcement one has of dinner is a melody from silver bells. The notes seem to cling to the bells until they are fairly shaken off like bubbles into the air; then there seem to be two melodies, one the tender, musical shadow of the other. Nicolini goes in advance of the madame, who quickly takes his arm and leads into the great conservatory of the winter garden, where flowers are rushing into bloom the year round. The fragrant air is musical with singing birds, and the effect is magical under the effulgence of the electrolights. Tables and chairs there are for one to tarry if he will in this place of dreams, which commands the country around over mountain and valley and winding river, just at the feet of the castle, salmon brooks, stretches of thousands of acres, and hunting-grounds covering nearly ten miles of fine shooting. With her own merry fingers Patti puts a *boutonnière* on guest here and guest there; then we intrust ourselves to the mercies of one of Britain's greatest chefs. The menu is exquisitely gotten up, and accompanies the dinner as a matter of course, guest or no guest.

Just here I am reminded of Norris, the Irish butler, while I was telling some of my "ticklers" at the table. Norris was holding down his upper lip with his teeth, like the side of a tent, afraid to let it go lest it might be blown away by the breeze of laughter. As it was, the lip kept wrinkling. The madame saw it, I saw it, and we in turn were trying to conceal this fact from Norris. The good, conventional soul would "lift" his head over to one side,

cough, fly around in unnecessary ways, and thus spent an hour or so holding down the humorous side of his nature.

The attachment of Patti's servants to her is as constant as is that of her pets and her friends. Norris has been with her thirteen years; one servant has been with her five years; another, her Swedish valet, for nine years; then there are the driver, Joe; George, her courier; the general manager, a man of varied accomplishments and great executive ability, Guillaume Heck. Then I should mention Percy Harrison, her present manager for the United Kingdom, as was his late father, Thomas Harrison, before him. Among all those about her, none probably is so close as Caroline Baumeister, an Austrian woman, her companion, who has been with Patti nearly thirty years. Caroline is a kind of Secretary Daniel Lamont to Patti; is constantly at her side with her counsel and care. Caroline is her friend, of excellent family, robust in mind and body, of that well-balanced, watchful, soothing, and serene temperament which has finally made Patti a child in her dependence upon it. Caroline has a Mexican girl, Pedro, as her assistant.

But to return to our mutton, the view from the dining-room is, of its kind, unsurpassed. Speaking of it, H. R. H. Prince Henry of Battenberg said: "Madame, I have been in many more historic places, but never have I seen such a beautiful view as from this table." At night, the grounds are dazzlingly weird under their one thousand and more of electric lights, which the peasants about even gather on the hills to see—so wonderful is the effect against bloom and foliage and crag and creek and meadow stretch.

After dinner we pass into the billiard-rooms, of which there are two, with French and English and American tables. At the end of one of these rooms is an orchestra which cost \$30,000, and which furnishes music during the games, from Tannhäuser or any work of the masters. Simply a roll has to be inserted, which, by the bye, cost one hundred dollars each—golden music, one would say.

During these little after-dinner billiard games the sincerity and simplicity of Patti may be seen to great advantage. This picture, for instance: While the Turkish March was playing on the orchestra, led by the madame we all marched around the tables with billiard cues, and often during the progress of the game, when she could stand the buoyant effect of the music no longer, she would break forth like a bird, with the utmost abandon and with a rush of music, her throat throbbing merrily as a lark's on a blithe spring morning.

Then, wandering through another vista, covered snugly in everywhere by the wide-reaching garden-roof, we came upon another of Patti's pets, her little private theatre. That theatre was erected at a cost of some thirty thousand dollars, with a care as to detail which may be imagined when I tell you that Mr. Irving sent down his head carpenter from London to see that perfection was reached at every point. Mr. Irving has said several times that it was the most perfect thing of its kind he ever saw. Every property is complete; there are the traps, the thunder and lightning. Everything metropolitan, even to the floor, which is adjustable either for inclined auditorium purposes or for the evenness of a ball-room floor. There are six dressing-rooms, and the stage, built for sixty people, has a "run" of eighty feet, while the auditorium will accommodate three hundred and fifty and the gallery eighty people. During the little evenings the gallery is generally filled by domestics and peasants. Programmes are prepared with elegance for each entertainment. I have one now—the operatic *matinée* in honor of H. R. H. Prince Henry of Battenberg and party: Overture—"Martha," Orchestra. Vocal Concert (Artists, Madame Adelina Patti-Nicolini, Madame Giulia Valda, Signor Novara). "Faust," Act III., Garden Scene, in which Signor Nicolini also, as *Faust*, takes part; the conductor being Signor Arditi. The programme is luxuriously bordered in purple and scarlet and gold. So it goes—merry-making all the day.

One of the ornaments of the little theatre's rich walls is the armor worn by Patti in her creation, at the age of nineteen, of the character of *Joan of Arc*. She appears, too, on the curtain of the theatre as *Semiramide*, beautiful in her triumphal chariot.

During my stay the idea struck Patti of having a little entertainment in my honor. So George, the courier, was posted off to Swansea to get an orchestra and other parts of the equipment needed for this hastily-decided-upon *matinée*—for there was only one day to get ready. It took place June 15th, 1892, in the Patti Theatre, Craig-y-Nos Castle. The programme was filled by Patti and four or five friends, including myself in one of the humorous numbers.

Under the shadow of her mountains in this peaceful, secluded Swansea valley, Patti seems to sing from very gladness because she is free and her voice is free. She is out of the cage (for Patti is never so caged as when before the public) away in her forest home, where song is not an article of merchandise, but the spontaneous offering of nature. So it is that her trills dance in every nook—those same flights for which she receives in London five thousand dollars a night.

Every Christmas one thousand children are entertained, and charity concerts are given by her yearly, when five thousand presents are distributed by her to the poor of Swansea and Neath districts, being handed out by her personally. These good offices to the poor are done in numberless ways, the greater part unknown. I heard of this during my visit: There was a poor child born just inside the big gate one afternoon about six. The quivering peasant mother seemed to turn in her agony instinctively to the good mistress of the valley, and so she lay there. Patti discovered them as she drove by, and took them in and cared for them, and the little tot was called Craig-y-Nos. When all was well, the woman offered to work out the debt she thought she owed. "No," said her more than royal hostess; "you are my guests." There is a standing rule that no poor shall be turned away. Each one, no matter how much or little deserving, is given bread and beer, and they come in constantly from miles around.

"Lady of the Castle"—she is affectionately called by the plain folk of that country. Can one wonder, then, that as I drove out with her the people all greeted her with heads bowed gratefully, and little children, in their quaint Welsh way, would courtesy as if to the Queen.

Patti has a retinue of sixty domestics while she is at home, and leaves twenty-five to look after things when she is gone. There is nothing overlooked to afford city conveniences to this country home. There is a complete electric plant with a power-house so far away as to avoid the noise of machinery; also a gas plant, if this light be preferred; also a telephone and telegraph service from the castle to London and intermediate points. Let me not forget the ice-plant, the dairy, the steam laundry, and the refrigerating facilities for the meats. The stables are elegantly constructed and equipped, there being seven pairs of carriage-horses besides the riding-horses and ponies and donkeys, three dog-carts, one large bus, two broughams, three landaus, and so on. One of the ponies has been pensioned after long and faithful service, and spends most of his time browsing with Jennie, the little pet donkey of the place. The two are uncommonly knowing and the fastest of friends, the one running in front of any one trying to catch the other, till the job is given up in disgust, but to the great amusement of Tom and Jenny, who resume their tête-à-tête where it was broken off.

With all the paraphernalia of comfort and convenience, it remains only for the spirituality of Patti, the woman, to be breathed into the great halls to convert the castle into home. What a hostess! During my stay there everything seemed to be done with special reference to me. Even the American flag was hoisted on the castle in honor of my country. Thus special guests are always flatteringly recognized by the sight of their own country's flag. The guest's taste is made a study of to the minutest degree by all. I have always been very fond of ice. Imagine this trifling taste of mine being detected without my knowledge. I found it out this way: When I left, I found my lunch providently and daintily filled, and among other delicacies—what! A block of ice! It had been frozen in a small block specially for me, which I enjoyed very much along the way. Then, again, from her plentiful store of precious jewels, she would every night deck herself with different ones, all in my honor, as she was condescending enough to assure me. Do what she will, this woman, worshiped of all nations, is the willing slave of a loving heart. Her old parents, now dead, she keeps alive with reverent references as she looks often upon their pictures with a gust of sadness sweeping across her face as she does so. Her friends "grapple them to her soul," and they are many, of all peoples. I recall just here one of her French lady friends who met with distressing disaster in her money affairs. In her need Patti said to her one day, "Come live with me;" and she did, for many a happy day thereafter.

But may I not turn for a moment from this picture to its companion-piece, Nicolini? What a good fellow he is!—if he likes you, but you must know him first. Full of polish, fun, accomplishments, sincerity, and husbandly devotion,—a good friend. A sunny domestic picture, that between the two. A case of "dead in love"! Nicolini is adroitly alert for his guests' comfort, having, like his wife, some kind remembrance for all. Among my souvenirs of the great, I prize more than I can tell the large, rare ruby in a setting of eight diamonds, handed me just before I took my leave of this "valley of rest." I happened to ask Nicolini one day to play for me—for he is a brilliant performer as well as a composer, and is generally given some of the most attractive numbers in the evening entertainments in the little theatre. "What would you like to have played?" said he. "Madame's waltz"—for she, too, is a composer. "You must ask the madame's permission." "May I?" The madame consented with a gracious yes, but added, "Play Nicolini's waltz first." All the time, in this way, home and harmony go hand in hand.

As Joe was driving me back to Penwyllt, I thought of it all as the road lengthened between me and my friends. I remembered that Patti had told me that of all American cities, Richmond and Syracuse were her favorites, but felt that she was equally the favorite of all our cities. The world has been made glad by her song; but not gladder than that mountain home by her presence. For there she lives, mid flowers and those who love her, the empress of song, the queen of all about her.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

It was in Rip Van Winkle's land, the woody and romantic Catskill Mountains, on a broad-breasted eastern slope overlooking the misty valley of the Hudson, that the little tree first sprouted up into light and air. It was a young hemlock, of the tenderest green imaginable—one among thousands of others precisely like it, which, spreading over the billowy hills as far as the eye could reach, clothed them in a robe of the softest vernal velvet, scented with balsamic fragrance.

For six or seven years the little hemlock lived the simple, joyous life of a wildwood tree—

"Warmed by the sun and wet with the dew,
It grew."

In the summer-time it swayed and sang to the breeze, or stood spell-bound in black silhouette against the moonlit sky at night. In winter the snow made its every bough a white plume, or sifted through them in a powdery whirlwind. And from all these genial ministrations of earth and air and sky the little hemlock drew life and vigor, increasing year by year the girth of its shapely stem, and ever growing taller, straighter, and more symmetrical. It was fifteen feet high, with a bole three inches through, when the first snow fell at the beginning of the present winter.

One crisp morning in early December, the mountains rang with the cheery voices of a score of hearty red-faced men and boys, moving about briskly to keep warm, wielding by pairs

the long, sharp saws whose shining teeth could swish through a young tree's stem in the twinkling of an eye. The stalwart young hemlock was thus laid low—cut off before its prime, so to speak. But its companions by the score, by the hundred, were treated in the same manner; and they did not look a whit the less fresh and cheerful as they lay at full length on the white ground, awaiting the next stage of the evolution which an adventurous destiny plainly had in store for them.

"Here's a daisy!" cried a youthful woodsman, as he threw his arms around our especial hemlock, and bound its branches in with cord, like a closed umbrella, and marked a red initial at the base of the trunk where it had been sawed off. "This one's a regular made-to-order for some swell charity feast or a Dutch Sunday-school. Ought to bring a dollar, sure."

The simple tree hadn't the least idea what all this might mean, but its bristling boughs rustled with eager expectancy as it was piled upon a sledge with the others of its kin, and rushed down the mountain-side to Saugerties, on the great river. Here a freight steamboat took it on, with what seemed like a whole forest of evergreens, all neatly bunched up and consigned to New York City.

The voyage down the Hudson lasted all one keen, starry night, and early in the morning the steamboat was made fast to her dock on the water-front near the foot of Jay Street. It was a strangely picturesque scene, as the hemlock and its companions were taken off there and stacked up with a vast army of evergreens which gave that section of the docks the appearance and aromatic odor of the forest primeval. Spruces, hemlocks and pines, that had been brought all the way from the woods of Maine, leaned confidently against their kinsmen from the Catskills. Only a stone's throw away the Southern Pacific mail steamers and Morgan liners from the Gulf of Mexico disgorged bananas, oranges, bread-fruit, and palms from the tropics; while swarthy Mexicans and negroes jostled the ruddy mountaineers who had brought the Christmas-trees of the Northern woods to the same market. These latter worthies, having turned over their consignments to the city dealer and pocketed the proceeds in a goodly roll of greenbacks, returned to their Catskill boat, glowing with satisfaction and West Street grog, and puffing clouds of smoke from Washington Market cigars.

The hemlock was now referred to, like all the rest, simply as a "Christmas-tree," though an occasional German-speaking visitor caressingly called it *Tannenbaum*. Newspaper reporters strolled by and wrote it up. A photographer took a snap-shot at it with his camera, and immortalized it in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Longshoremen nipped off little aromatic sprays to chew, and a little girl with a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm ran off delighted with a broken branch that the tree in its generous luxuriance never missed. It was not long before a well-dressed gentleman, evidently a prospective customer, came up, and picked out this identical tree from among a thousand. Sure enough, he paid a dollar for it. It was a particularly fine young hemlock.

The tree now became a passenger on an express-wagon, and was rattled off to Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue. Its destination was the Asylum for Crippled Children. A score of wan little faces at the window watched its arrival with glee, but it was smuggled away mysteriously, and they did not set eyes on it again until Christmas Eve.

But then—oh, then, what a glorious transformation had been wrought! The tree stood proudly in the middle of the great play-room, with all its branches outspread, every one freighted with a rich fruitage of the most beautiful toys and presents imaginable; while a hundred waxen tapers twinkled among its green shadows, and tinsel stars and gold and silver fringes were strewn everywhere, until the entire tree was one pyramid of glittering splendor. The children were fairly dazed and speechless with delight when first they beheld it. Then they began to shout and cheer and laugh and dance and race around it—some on crutches, some in their wheeled chairs, and one or two in their nurses' arms. But the tree bore an abundance for all and became fairly giddy with joy at the exclamations and capers that greeted the bestowal of each gift. Later in the evening, after the Christmas crop had been mostly gathered from its branches, the tree caught the gleam of a big bright star shining in the cold, blue heavens outside the windows; and it thought for an instant of its friends and kindred left growing on their native hills. They would live and thrive, perhaps, for a hundred years yet, and become gnarled giants of the forest; but, ah, they would never be Christmas-trees! Petter far this brief but brilliant

existence, swayed with emotions and crowned with a destiny culminating in one supreme hour of triumph and joy, when—

"In the shadowless fields of Dreamland
It springs in a single night,
And breaks into gorgeous fruitage and bloom
For the child's delight."

THE WYOMING CONTEST.



JOHN E. OSBORNE.

WE give herewith a portrait of John E. Osborne, of Wyoming, who has been brought conspicuously into general notice recently by inaugurating himself Governor by means of a notary

public, a carpenter, and a chisel. It will be remembered that the returns in Wyoming showed the election of Mr. Osborne by a majority of some eighteen hundred. The State laws relating to the method by which the vote shall be counted and the Governor shall be inaugurated being loose and obscure, the State Board of Canvassers declined to canvass the vote. This was construed by the friends of Mr. Osborne as indicative of a purpose to prevent his accession to the office. He thereupon took the oath and entered upon the gubernatorial duties, although according to law his term does not commence until January. The acting Governor, who was a member of the canvassing board, and other State officials refused to recognize Osborne's legitimacy and issued a proclamation claiming the supreme authority in the State. The complication still exists at this writing.

With the exception of Governor Russell of Massachusetts, Mr. Osborne is the youngest Governor in the country, being now in his thirty-fourth year. He is a New-Yorker by birth, and is a native of Westport, where he received a common-school education. In 1880, at the age of twenty-two, he went West and settled in the town of Rawlins, in the then Territory of Wyoming. He had previously graduated as a physician, and after successfully practicing his profession for some time, embarked in business pursuits, and with highly prosperous results, becoming in a few years the largest individual tax-payer in his native county, and one of the wealthiest men in the State. He also has the distinction of being the most extensive breeder of sheep in Wyoming.

Two years after his arrival in Rawlins, and while in his twenty-fourth year, he was elected as a Democratic member of the Territorial Legislature, and subsequently became Mayor of Rawlins. He is a prominent Mason, and is past eminent commander of the Knights Templars, and past high priest of the Chapter.

DUNRAVEN'S CHALLENGE.

YACHTING circles have quite recently had their usual winter quiet disturbed and excited by the prospects of another international yacht race for the America's Cup. Generally speaking, at this season of the year there is a lull in yachting affairs, incidental to the enforced winter idleness of our amateur sailors. Yachts are, in ordinary, out of commission, stowed away in some basin or dock; sails snuggled for the winter, while the club-houses are frequented mostly by the veteran salts, who make a yachtsman's "Song Harbor" out of the smoking-room, and reel off yarn after yarn about this or that race or cruise, and speak of this or that yacht as "a bright little boat."

Our British cousins across the ocean have never forgiven us for the defeat the *America* administered to them at Cowes at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851. With the true bull-dog spirit they have been hammering at us ever since, keel against centre-board, to try and take it back, and every time the "Yankee skipper" has been too much for "Johnny Bull." After the last races between the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* the New York Yacht Club, the holders and defenders of the America's Cup, formulated what is technically known as "the new deed of gift." This deed, or rather series of conditions under which an international challenge may be issued, is designed to prevent our Anglo-Saxon progenitor taking "snap" judgment upon us with some "smart" cutter we are not fairly prepared to meet. Now, however, Lord Dunraven, not to be denied by his abortive challenge in 1889, will come over next September, or perhaps as early as August, with a brand-new *Valkyrie* to sail five races for the much-coveted prize.

The main conditions under which the match will be sailed are as follows:

"1. The challenge shall contain the name of the owner, name of the vessel, the rig, the length on the load water-line of his vessel, and a copy of her custom-house register to follow as soon as possible.

"2. If the challenging vessel exceeds the length on the load water-line, as specified in challenge, such excess is to count double in calculating the time allowance; but in no case is the challenger to exceed her estimated length by more than two per cent.; the same rule to be enforced against the vessel defending the cup, unless such vessel was in existence or in course of construction on October 20th last. In that case, the only penalty on the difference in length on the load water-line between the two vessels will be taking or giving ordinary allowances, according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club.

"3. It is understood and agreed that, should the challenging club obtain custody of the cup, it holds open to a challenge under precisely similar conditions to those under which it challenged; but it will not be at liberty to refuse a challenge, according to the terms of the deed of 1887."

It must be understood that Lord Dunraven does not issue this challenge personally, but it is issued in his behalf by the Royal Yacht Squadron, he to provide the yacht and to sail the matches at his own expense. The new *Valkyrie* is to be eighty-five feet long, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and will probably be built on the Clyde.

After a great deal of cabling back and forth, and special meetings of the New York Yacht Club, a formal challenge based upon the foregoing conditions arrived in due course, and although the New York Yacht Club has not formally accepted the *defi* it must do so, as Lord Dunraven practically issues his challenge under their own conditions. Of course at this writing it is too early to say how the New York Yacht Club will provide a worthy foe for the British steel; as the Dunraven boat will be an unknown quantity at any period when a new boat could possibly be built to meet her points, the Yankees have this time to go it somewhat in the dark. The last victors for the America's Cup were all built in Boston, and we may yet have to look down East for the conqueror of the new *Valkyrie*. However, the New York Yacht Club and General Paine may be safely trusted to defend the reputation the old *America* made for Yankee-built boats so many years ago. The conditions provide for five races sailed over outside courses, best three out of five, and three of the races to be to windward. From this time, yachting circles, and, in fact, the peoples of both countries, will watch eagerly for all details concerning the approaching contest.

MOLLENHAUER SUGAR REFINING COMPANY.

THE American Sugar Refining Company is about to have a formidable rival in the establishing of the Mollenhauer Sugar Refining Company.

The American Sugar Refining Company, commonly known as the Sugar Trust, since the absorption by them of the Spreckels Sugar Refinery of Philadelphia, have been practically without a rival in their own particular field, and have been in a position to show their power and strength in the great sugar market of the world. There are to-day but two refineries outside of the Trust, and it has been intimated more than once that even these are, to a certain extent, controlled by the great octopus.

The Mollenhauer Sugar Refinery will be a well-equipped and independent organization in the commercial world, having no connection with the Trust in any particular. It has organized to manufacture sugar and sell it, in open market, without any fear, and certainly asking no favors. The corporation is of sufficient strength and magnitude to make itself felt in the future.

The Mollenhauer Sugar Refinery is among the largest of the kind in existence to-day, occupying about twenty-seven city lots in Brooklyn, bounded by Kent and Division Avenues, South Eleventh Street, and the East River, with a clear water frontage of 340 feet. The buildings are built of brick, and are massive in appearance. The refinery proper is eight stories high. The filter-house, 125 feet high. The boiler-house is of 2,000-horse power, capable of doubling even this power at any time. The wash-house is four stories high, the machine-shop three stories high, with an office-building four stories. The storage-shed has a capacity of 100,000 barrels of refined, and the same amount of raw sugar, while the entire refining capacity is 2,500 barrels per day, which can be easily doubled, as almost the entire plant is in duplicate. The entire premises are lighted by 3,000 electric lights, and something like three hundred men are employed daily.

The machinery is of the most extensive and costly character, some of which cannot be found in any other refinery in America: for example, a new machine for powdering sugar, and inventions of Mr. C. Ch. Schmandt, the chief engineer of the company. Mr. Schmandt is well known as an inventor, and is now in receipt of large royalties from refineries using his patent condenser. At one period he was connected with the American Refining Company.

Every known improvement in the manufacture of sugar has been embodied in this establishment. Everything that ingenuity could devise or money procure in the way of making this refinery the model establishment of the day has been adopted. All the liquor pipes are brass and copper; evaporating pans are also made of copper. The buildings throughout are well-lighted and ventilated, great pains being taken to insure the comfort and convenience of the workmen. The precautions against fire are ample, and all that can be desired. The Grinnell sprinkling system, dry and wet, has been adopted, and an Eco-magnetic clock, with thirty stations, has been added to the already perfectly-appointed establishment, while fire-hose may be found on every floor. The Mollenhauer brands of sugar are copyrighted, and will be known as follows:

Standard Granulated; Standard Fine Granulated; Confectioners A; Admiral A; Brilliant Confectioners A; Buffalo A; Cascade A; Excelsior A; Bedford Extra C; Aurora Extra; Calumet Extra C; Diamond Extra C; Sunrise Yellow and Yellow C.

It is expected that the refinery will be in full operation within the next two weeks. The senior Mr. Mollenhauer may be justly called one of the old-school refiners, having for many years been established in the city of Brooklyn, where he was principally known as a refiner of molasses. His sons are interested with him in the new refinery, and if ample capital and a well-equipped plant mean anything, success for the company is thoroughly assured.

The president of the company is Mr. John Mollenhauer, J. Adolph Mollenhauer is vice-president and general manager; and Frederick D. Mollenhauer, secretary and treasurer.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

ENGLISH men-of-war are active in East African waters in suppressing the traffic in slaves. An illustration from the London *Graphic*, on another page, depicts an encounter with a dhow loaded with slaves. The assault was made by the crew of the gig, six persons in all which outstripped the cutter ordered in support, and hooked on to the dhow. A breeze sprang up, and as the dhow moved before it the Englishmen were fired into, two men in their death-throes still holding on to the boat-hook with the tenacity of bull-dogs. The officer in command of the gig was shot through the body three times, and before the dhow was captured eleven of her young men were killed.

CATCHING ALBATROSSES.

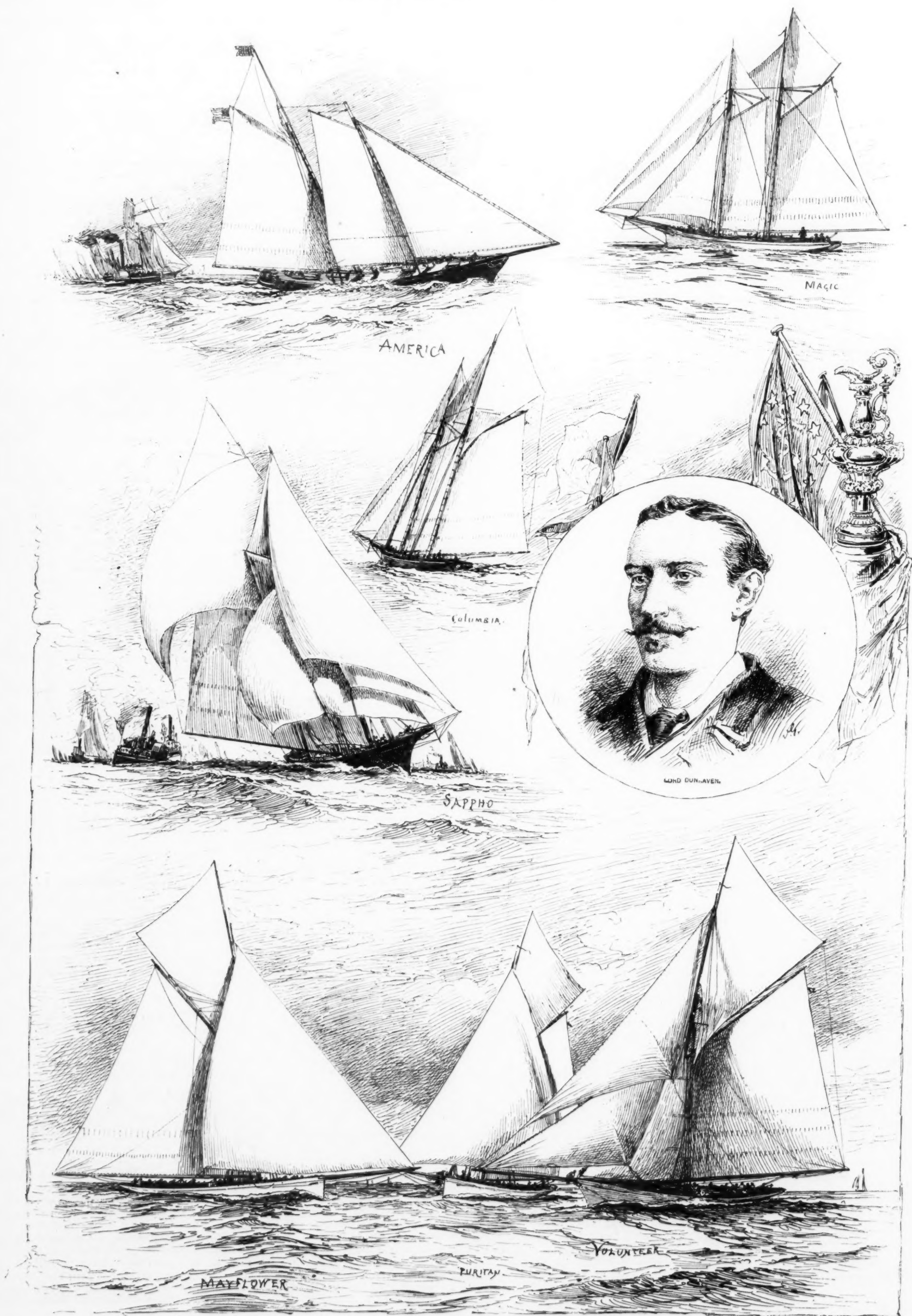
Catching albatrosses with a line is a common amusement on the Vancouver-Yokohama trip. A very long string, a hook, and a fish attached to it is all one needs to catch them. Owing to the length of their wings and the shortness of their legs, they are unable to fly again if once got on board. Our picture is from the London *Graphic*.

NELSON'S WAR-SHIP.

We give a picture of Nelson's old ship, the *Foudroyant*, which has just reached England from Swinemünde. Portions of the ship have been sold in Germany, and she presents a dismantled appearance. She is, however, in fairly good condition, and it will not be a difficult undertaking to rebuild her according to the original plans. The guns have not left England and will be replaced along with all other available relics of Admiral Lord Nelson.

IRVING IN "KING LEAR."

A considerable stir has recently been created in London theatrical circles by Mr. Irving's rendition of "King Lear," at the Lyceum Theatre. While in some quarters the elocutionary vagaries and eccentricities of movement and gesture are criticised, the better opinion is that he has added another to his list of triumphs. The London *Graphic*, from which we reproduce an illustration, says: "The very choice of 'King Lear' involved a merit that deserves handsome acknowledgment; for, by common consent, there is no one of the plays more difficult to deal with. . . . Mr. Irving has come triumphantly through his great ordeal. After due deduction for all its faults—some of which were manifestly due to nervous anxiety—there remains much in his impersonation of the old king which is beautiful and striking."



SOME OF THE FAMOUS CONTESTANTS FOR THE CUP.

THE CHALLENGE OF LORD DUNRAVEN, ACCEPTED BY THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, FOR ANOTHER RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.
[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 455.]



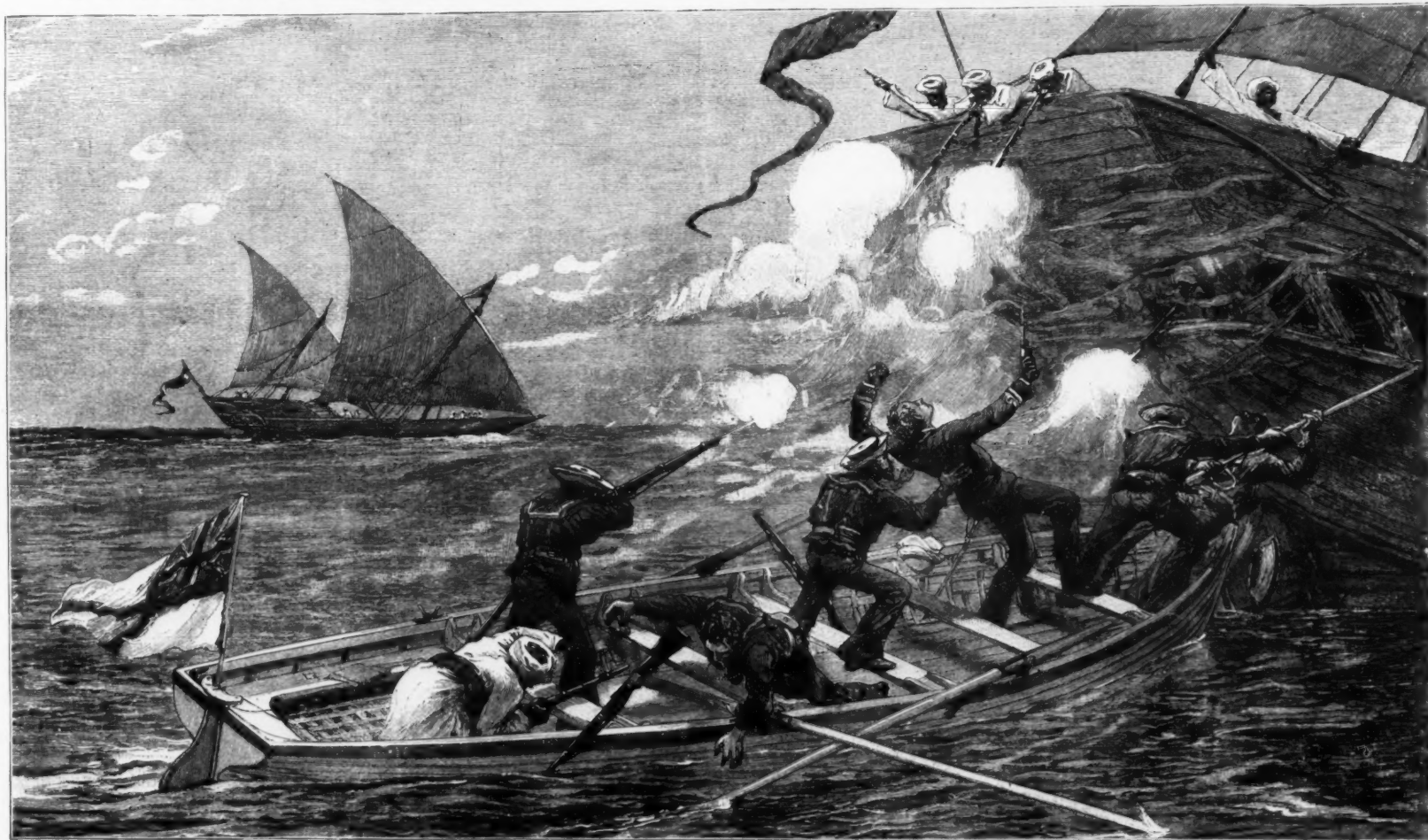
CORDELIA (*Miss Ellen Terry*), KING LEAR (*Mr. Irving*).
 "O, look upon me, sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me—
 No, sir, you must not kneel."—ACT IV., SCENE 7.
 THE SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVAL IN LONDON—IRVING AS "KING LEAR."



THE "FOUDROYANT," NELSON'S OLD FLAG-SHIP, PARTIALLY DISMANTLED.



CATCHING ALBATROSSES WITH A LINE BETWEEN VANCOUVER AND YOKOHAMA.



"At the time it was almost a calm. There were a lot of young bloods of Arabs on board. A breeze sprang up, the sail was run up and our boat fired into; two men in their death-throes still held on to the boat-hook with the tenacity of bull-dogs."

SUPPRESSING THE SLAVE-TRADE ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA—ENGLISH SAILORS OVERHAULING A SUSPECTED DHOW.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 455.]

BABY RUTH.

THE only portrait which has ever been published of the "first baby of the land" will be that which will appear in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY for January 4th. It was drawn from life by Miss G. A. Davis, a staff artist, who was sent to Lakewood especially for that purpose. Accompanying it will be the best and handsomest picture that has yet appeared of Baby Ruth's very beautiful and popular mamma.

This issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is bound to have a large sale.

Ask your newsdealer to save a copy for you.

A MAN must always be going from good to better or from bad to worse. It is now solemnly declared that the Prince of Wales has acquired the banjo habit. It is but a step from baccarat to the banjo.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

WILL the tax come on sugar or whisky? The only trouble with Democrats in taxing whisky is, it appears so personal.

HOLIDAY TOUR TO OLD POINT COMFORT

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

CHRISTMAS week is a most fitting period for a short trip of recreation, and in order to provide a congenial outing for this purpose the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a holiday tour to Old Point Comfort. The party, under personal escort, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Tuesday, December 27th. The entire period of the tour covers four days, and the rate for the round trip, including all necessary expenses, is \$18 from New York and \$15 from Philadelphia. If one desires to vary the journey by returning via Richmond and Washington, he may spend one day at the Hygeia Hotel, and return via the above cities, at the same rate. This is a most delightful tour.

CROUP is prevented by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother's friend. You should keep Salvation Oil on hand; it will cure all aches and pains. Price, 25 cents.

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY's double chloride of gold treatment for drunkenness, drug addiction, and nerve exhaustion can be obtained in New York State only at the Keeley Institutes in White Plains, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Westfield, and Babylon. For terms, address or call at either institute, or at the following offices: 7 East 27th Street, New York City; Room 10, Chapin Block, Buffalo; 32 Larned Building, Syracuse; 122 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester. All communications strictly confidential. Beware of imitators.

GOOD COOKING

is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden's "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

SOHMER & Co., the great piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright, and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

No Christmas or New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BEATTY Pianos, Organs, \$33 up. Want agents. Cat free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effecting Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods FAIL.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficiency. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

To the people who intend to buy Watches as Christmas presents, Greeting:

Ask your jeweller to show you a Fahys Gold Filled watch case, and see if it is not as handsome as a solid gold one. He will tell you that it is just as durable, yes, and stronger, too. He will sell it to you for much less than the solid gold case and the one who receives the gift will thank you for your wisdom in choosing, especially if you put the difference in cost into another present.



There's the reigning belle and beauty,
In society a queen,
Who imagines it her duty
At receptions to be seen.
Banquets, parties, routs and dances
She attends, but the late hours
Pain her head, and dim her glances,
Robbing her of beauty's dowers.
See though with a speed unfailing,
How her strength is now restored
And recovered from her ailing,
She its causes has ignored!
Bromo-Seltzer she's been trying
And the bloom is on her cheek,
Now all headaches she's defying
Though she gets them every week.

BOUQUET

MAY-BELLS

Made on the flower farms of Grasse, in Southern France. Admitted to be the most delicious perfume ever distilled.

Savon

May-Bells

repeats this fragrance in the form of a soap, which from its purity and softness is most beneficial to the complexion.

Wholesale Depot:
50-58 Murray St.,
New York.

Samples of either sent on receipt of ten cents.



PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A GRAND COMBINATION.

YALE MIXTURE

FOR THE PIPE.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.

FISCHER PIANOS.

Grand, Upright and Square, Moderate Prices. TO RENT, INSTALLMENTS, AND EXCHANGED. 5th Avenue, cor. 16th Street, New York.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 285 and 289 E. 25th St., N. Y. 16 W. 125th St., N. Y.

Owing to the great demand for these celebrated Pianos, we have erected a very large addition to our factory which will enable us to make 50 Pianos per week.

These Instruments are unexcelled, and are sold AT MODERATE PRICES. Sold on installments and rented.

FOR PLEASURE OR PROFIT.

There is no way so satisfactory as projecting on a screen by means of the Optical Lantern, a picture large enough to be seen by many at once.

CRITERION AND PARABOLON Magic Lanterns and Stereopticons. Oil, Lamp or Electric Light, made by us, are simply perfect for Private or Public use.

SO ARE OUR SLIDES. We can fill the bill from A to Z in Apparatus, Views and Accessories. Catalogues FREE. Mention this publication.

J. D. COLT & CO., 16 Beekman St., 189 La Salle St., NEW YORK. CHICAGO, ILL.



14 K GOLD PLATED INLAID \$325

HE PAYS THE EXPRESS Washington Crossing the Delaware. Cut this out and send to us and we will send you this beautiful Gold Plated watch, by express, subject to full examination, and if you do not find it equal to any watch retailed at 8 times the price we ask, you need not pay one cent. Otherwise pay the express agent \$5.25 and the watch is yours. The movement is a jeweled quick train, with oil-tempered Pinion and Hair Spring. It is a durable and accurate time-keeper. The case is made of Gold Nickel, hand engraved (cut shows back of case) over which is placed 14 plates 14k Gold. Fully warranted. In carrying this watch you have the credit of owning a SOLID GOLD WATCH and for use is just as desirable.

W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 201 to 211 State, (formerly 111 Madison St.) CHICAGO, ILL.

REFRESHING and INVIGORATING.

THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS

Sold everywhere, in Crown stoppered bottles only.

GLISTENING PEARLS

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE was indeed A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

Queen Among Queens.

For Sale by Druggists.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

RICH LACES,

Point Gaze, Applique, and Duchesse, BRIDAL VEILS, FLOUNCES, AND TRIMMING LACES.

Including some very fine pieces prepared for the Exhibition and requiring months to make.

LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,

Embroidered and Initial Handkerchiefs, LACE DOYLIES, CHIFFONS, VEILINGS, Silk and Linen Cambric

HEMSTITCH HANDKERCHIEFS.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.



MARRIED LADIES Worry and doubt never come to those who use our "Companion." Just introduced. Lasts a lifetime, safe, reliable, only 50c. prepaid, to introduce. RELIABLE SUPPLY CO., 204 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages,

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

excels all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs."—A. W. Bartlett, Pittsfield, N. H.

"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that its use has

Saved My Life

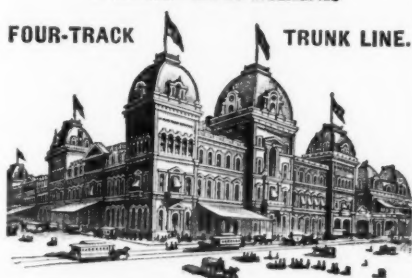
I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—R. Amers, Plympton, N. S.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD," NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York, center of hotel and residence section, and the only railroad station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series" send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing, fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN

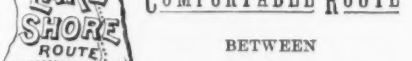
Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

GRILLON

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE

BETWEEN Chicago and Buffalo.



WHIST TRAYS

KALAMAZOO METHOD. For sale by all leading Stationers. Send for Rules and Price List to IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Carbolic Acid of Tar Inhalant.

Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, cured at home. New pamphlet and full particulars free. Address, naming this paper, Dr. M. W. CASE, 809 N. Broad St., Philad'a, Pa. Send for Pamphlet

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Brain Workers & Sedentary People: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors & others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 cents, no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., New York.

SAVE AGENTS' DISCOUNTS.

Why pay agents' 25 to 35% commission? We sell you direct and save you that. Send in stamps for particulars and catalogue 20 patterns. DIRECT DEALING UTILE CO. Box 592, Baltimore

IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.

The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this Wonderful Soap send 25 cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail. JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago. SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Soap (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

FOR STOUT FOLKS.

Dr. Edison's FAMOUS PILLS AND BANDS and Obesity Fruit Salt reduce your weight without dieting; cure the causes of Obesity, such as dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, catarrh, kidney troubles; keep you healthy, and beautify the complexion.



CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE. GENTLEMEN—I am now full of confidence, but not so full of fat as formerly. I am one of your loudest shouters for Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills. I have induced several of the fat boys to go to your store to talk with you, and get your Obesity Pills. The pills are a sure remedy for dyspepsia, which in many cases is the main cause of fat. Armour, Mills, and Johnson have each reduced over 20 pounds with the Edison pills. CHAS. B. KING.

Removes Obesity and Improves the Complexion. Miss Susan Lee Matthews, Beacon, St., Boston, Mass. Since Aug. 1, I have reduced my weight about 3 pounds per week. I have used an obesity band, 3 bottles of obesity pills; wore the band 4 or 5 hours each day. My abdominal measure is 7 inches less. The pills improve the complexion and make the skin of the face smooth and give it a healthy color. I was advised to use Dr. Edison's pills by two lady friends, Mrs. Thorndike and Mrs. Matthews of Arlington Street.

Measurement for the band is the largest part of the abdomen. The bands cost \$2.50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents for each additional inch. You can buy the salt, pills and bands direct from our stores, or by mail or express. Or, your druggist will furnish them.

Positively the only treatment that does not absolutely require dieting and purging; others advertise "no dieting" but after you pay your money you receive positive instructions about starting.

PRICE OF FRUIT SALT, \$1.00. PILLS, \$1.50 PER BOTTLE, OR 3 BOTTLES FOR \$4.00.

LORING & CO., Agents for U. S., 84 22d St., New York.

85 Hamilton Place, Boston.

86 East Washington St., Chicago.

Send for our 8-column article on Obesity (3d edition of 100,000).

OPIUM GUNS

DOUBLE Breech-Loader \$7.50. RIFLES \$2.00. WATCHES. BICYCLES \$15. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO., 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Itch and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Ac., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

LADIES!

A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address THE WOMAN'S MED. HOME, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. ENTIRE NEW DEPARTURE. HANDSOME PRESENT TO EVERY CUSTOMER. Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated TEAS, COFFEES, and BAKING POWDER, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Caster, or Webster's Dictionary. 3 1/2 lbs. Fine Tea by Mail on receipt of \$2.00 and this "ad."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 269, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The BEST MARCY SCIENTIFIC CO., 1008 Walnut St., Philad'a, Pa.

FLORISTS say that there are eighteen hundred varieties of roses, but the most of them are of the ten-cent-a-bud species.—Philadelphia Times.

MARY (in theatre)—"Herbert, what shall we do? Uncle John is sitting with his hat on." Herbert—"Oh, that's all right; every one will think that it is an election bet."—Inter-Ocean.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

For SICK HEADACHE, Dizziness, or Swelling in the Head, Wind, Pain, and Spasms at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Gravel, and flying Pains in the Body, Rheumatism, etc.

Take four, five or even six of Beecham's Pills, and in nine cases out of ten, they will give relief instantly; for the pill will go direct to and remove the cause, the cause being no more nor less than wind, together with poisonous and noxious vapours, and sometimes unwholesome food. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

NEW YORK—WESTMINSTER HOTEL.—Enviably reputation for quiet elegance, superior cuisine, and convenience of location to shopping centre and amusements. American plan. W. W. SCHENCK.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'ôte.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR. 30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS

26 JOHN ST., N. Y.

THE BEST MADE.

FREE

If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest \$25.00 life-size CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to Cody & Co., 755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: Rev. T. DeWitt Ta'ndage, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one sending us photo. and not receiving crayon picture Free as per this offer.



The O. E. Miller Company.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO EITHER OF ABOVE OFFICES

RUPTURE

PERMANENTLY CURED

OR NO PAY.

NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. WE REFER YOU TO OVER 1000 PATIENTS. Investigate our method. Written guarantee to absolutely cure all kinds of RUPTURE of both sexes, without the use of KNIFE OR SYRINGE, no matter of how long standing. EXAMINATION FREE.

COLORADO: Rooms 91 to 96 Tabor Opera Block, Denver. IOWA: Rooms 601-602 Iowa Loan and Trust Bldg. Des Moines. MICHIGAN: Rooms 44-46 McGraw Block, Detroit. MISSOURI: 618 Pine Street, St. Louis. MONTANA: Room 15 N. W. Cor. Main & Park, Butte. OREGON: Rooms 527-529 Marquam Opera Block, Portland. UTAH: Rooms 201-2 Constitution Bldg, Salt Lake City.

TOBACCO HABIT

For sale by all first-class druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Ask for HILL'S Tablets, and take no others. Particulars free by mail. Address: 51, 53, and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, O.

HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD Tablets will completely destroy the desire for Tobacco in any form in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

EASILY CURED

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

BREWING ASS'N.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

U. S. A.

BREWERS OF FINE BEER EXCLUSIVELY.

Largest Brewing and Storage Capacity of any Brewery in the World.

ALL BRANDS GUARANTEED TO BE WELL MATURED.

No Corn or Corn Preparation. Nothing but HIGH-GRADE MALT and HOPs enter into its manufacture.

THEIR MOTTO IS "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD."

BREWING CAPACITY.—Six kettles every twenty-four hours, equal to 6,000 barrels, or a total of 1,800,000 barrels per year.

MATERIAL USED.—MALT, 12,000 bushels per day, 3,600,000 bushels per year; HOPS, 7,500 pounds per day, or a total of 2,250,000 pounds per year.

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad Street.

"The greatest burdens are not the gain-fullest!" You can lessen

LIFE'S BURDEN

by using SAPOLIO

It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes...



FATHER—"Clara, so you and Charles have been quarreling again?"
CLARA—"We—he—I—he did not say such a thing, did he?"
FATHER—"Say such a thing! but when he came over to the club last evening and won every hand that we played, what need was there of saying anything?"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE STANDARD RAILWAY OF AMERICA.

TOURS TO THE GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA

Affording an exceptional opportunity to visit

THE TOURISTS TRAVEL BY A Superbly Appointed Train

of Pullman Vestibule Drawing-Room, Sleeping, Smoking and Library, Dining and Observation Cars—an exact

Counterpart of the Pennsylvania Limited.

DATES OF STARTING { FEBRUARY 8th, 1893.
MARCH 2d, 1893.
MARCH 29th, 1893.

EXCURSION TICKETS for first and second necessary expenses in both directions, three days' board at Hotel del Coronado, San Diego, and transportation to the principal resorts of California. For the third tour all necessary expenses are included for the entire time absent. Return limits of tickets for all tours adjustable to the wishes of tourists.

Tourist Agent and Chaperson Accompany Each Party.

For itinerary containing full information, apply to Ticket Agents or address Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

CHAS. E. PUGH, J. R. WOOD, GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt., Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

ED. PINAUD'S

Unrivalled Preparation for the Hair.

EAU DE QUININE.

A Stimulant, a Beautifier, a positive Dandruff Cure. An Indispensable Toilet Luxury.

RAMBLER BICYCLES.

Best and Most Luxurious.



G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES LEAD THEM ALL.

Catalogue Free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

291-299 N. Franklin St., CHICAGO.
176 Columbus Ave., BOSTON.
1325 14th St., N. W., WASHINGTON.
1769-1771 Broadway, NEW YORK

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOTYPES, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. Also a profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also Lanters for Home Amusements. 236 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

YOU DON'T DRINK COCOA BECAUSE YOU CAN'T DIGEST IT.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

IS ONE WHICH WILL NOT DISTRESS AND IS A DELICIOUS FOOD DRINK.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Armour's Extract.

A graceful act of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

Armour & Company Chicago.

Having been the first brewers in this country, we have from the establishment of our business, maintained the best reputation.



Absolutely pure beer is the only product that bears our name.

"Wiener," } Popular
"Lager Beer" } beverages.
"Special Dark Brew" } A tonic.

1784. 1892. IN EVERY VARIETY.



FOR HAND AND MACHINE WORK, ALSO

Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK. Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.

THE BARBOUR BROS. CO., New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco. ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies



—OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Pears' Soap

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap in the world that has no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

The 1892 Model Remington

Typewriter



Presents many points of improvement which will readily commend themselves to all users.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.

A WORD TO THE WISE. CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS, who fear the phenomenal success of

Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics." This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—"From the careful analyses of Professor ATFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly "Pure" and highly digestible. The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial."

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

IMPERIAL GRANUM

NOURISHING + PURE + DELICIOUS

FOR NURSING-MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN. FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS. FOR DYSPETIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.

AN UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE SICK-ROOM.

SOLD BY SHIPPING DEPOT — DRUGGISTS * JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

Waiters are losers.

The hurry and rush of the last days may take half the joy out of Christmas giving. No need of waiting for a suitable choice. One thing meets all the conditions; awakens delight at the start; and stands ready through the years with its constant help and comfort. The new, quick-winding Waterbury.—\$4 to \$15.

All jewelers sell this beautiful, accurate, jeweled time-piece in many different cases, styles and sizes: coin-silver, filled gold, oxidized silver and nickel; hunting-cases, chatelaines, and open-faces; with exquisite, decorated dials. "See it."

D3

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED

by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Closures. When properly heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. H. H. Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

FOR EVERY DESK



The Columbia daily memoranda calendar is ready—ample room for daily memoranda—resting upon metallic stand—indispensable desk necessity. To cover actual cost—there is no objectionable advertising upon it—this calendar will be sent, prepaid, upon receipt of twenty cents in stamps. Address, Calendar Department, Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

Do you want a cup of BEEF TEA? See that it is made from the GENUINE. Incomparably the best. Pure, palatable, refreshing. Dissolves clearly.

See Baron Liebig's signature in blue on each label, thus:

Baron Liebig

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES CATALOGUE FREE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Asthma

The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. Cure Guaranteed or No Pay. Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EARL & WILSON'S. MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS. "ARE THE BEST" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. To Remove Tartar from the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Price, 25c. a Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

Frank Leslie's Weekly IS the Leading Illustrated Paper of America.